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# muffmonsters

ON PROZAC

with

Fagboys on Losec\*

#2  
...40-a-day...



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Hello there.

Well, kick my ass and call me a waster - it's been a whole year since we first unleashed Muffmonsters on the world, with promises of more soon to follow. It's taken us long enough and I must say it's nice to be getting glue all over the couch again. So, why the delay?

Oh, just all the usual excuses - falling in love, changes in personnel, depression, too much good stuff on TV, the cat having kittens, blah blah blah... We will endeavour to be more productive in the coming months and make this zine a bit more of a regular blotch on the landscape. I've recruited some more hyperneurotic queeries to pour fourth creative yumminess for this and future issues. Much of the work has been done by TERRY, a nice wee queer lad with a song in his heart and several million axes to grind. WELCOME ABOARD, FAGBOY!

Although we are quite happy to identify this as a queeringzine, we feel that it's pretty short-sighted to deal only with les/gay/bi/trans issues. Hey, the ghetto is a very dull place in which to live and besides, there are many things that effect our lives other than gender and sexuality. We hope you agree...

Apologies to those out there who were "hassled" by a few drunken idiots selling our last issue in a rather forceful manner in the Parliament Bar. True Muffmonsters have impeccable manners and always respect your right to prefer inferior publications like Gay Times and Diva.

You're all still damn sexy. Stay awake.

x Ruth

Very sincere and special thanks to  
*Supreme Goddess Claire H.*  
for practical support and tireless encouragement.

**Ruth thanks -** The divine Ms. Peters, St. Tara of Tollgate, Woollers, Sally Paradise, Ginger Ceramic Girl, Webbers, Annie, Sabrina, Paul Rothwell, Colm, Tom, Sammi cat, Pushkin & her cuddly boo-boos, GCN, whoever finally decided to put The Simpsons on the BBC and everyone else who has given love, support and cigarettes when I'm broke.

Bonjour kiddies and welcome to issue numero 2 of Muffmonsters, or if you want, issue numero 1 of Muffmonsters/Fagboys. As you may have noticed I'm now the token fag around here - just to keep things on the level (oh really?! - ruth). This zine has become an intrinsic part of my being; not only to prevent me from overdosing on Losec (all that stress coping with social ills can get to a boy, you know...) but to express myself the way I want to and to prove that I do actually care. We may be caught in the jaws of the Troubles Monster at the moment, but hopefully this new improved zine will be a light for the burgeoning (and still very lost) queer population. What else? I like going on and on to anyone who'll listen about my political philosophies, reading Marquis de Sade and Noddy, and I want to be a truck driver when I grow up. Got you excited yet?

Terry xxx

love & thanks to - A+P & gang, Jonathan & Gillian, Sam, Kasey, Karl Blake, Danielle, Adrian Nelson, Lisa, Maria, Debbie, Julie, Outpunk, Tony Wakeford, Mr. Tom the neglected, Lothario & Bubbles, Jo, Gem (& Zenal). Respect to Claire for the big hand.

This issue is dedicated with respect and love to Jeff Buckley, Allen Ginsberg and Betty Shabazz (activist, educator and widow of Malcolm X).

**MUFFMONSTERS ON PROZAC** (with FAGBOYS on LOZAC) is an independently produced pot-pourri of nonsense, that will appear like a cold-sore a few times per year. The opinions of the writers are their own and not necessarily shared by others involved. In fact, we all hate each other and call each other dirty names regularly. We have collective and clinically diagnosed bad hair - your feedback is our only key to heightened self-esteem...SO WRITE TO US! If you like what we're at, send us sweeties and cigarettes. If you think it's a load of old shite, go make your own fanzine coz moany armchair anarchists are soooooo boring. All contents are copyright of their creators. If you have a non-profit making publication, feel free to use bits and pieces as long as MUFFMONSTERS is credited. We don't yet have a subscription service but if you send us a stamped self-addressed postcard, we'll write to let you know when the next issue is due out. We welcome advertising enquiries so long as the product/service doesn't contradict the general ethos of the magazine. Ads for other fanzines and voluntary/charitable organisations are free of charge. Thanks for your support, you're gorgeous.



# THE CHUMS



1. Prudence Pig was feeling rather beastly. She had just spent nearly half of her Job seekers Allowance on a skinny t-shirt from TOP SLOP and it didn't fit.



2. "I'm so ugly", sighed Prudence, as she flopped onto the bed and poured herself a jolly large tequila. "No wonder I haven't had a date in months..." Poor silly Pru!



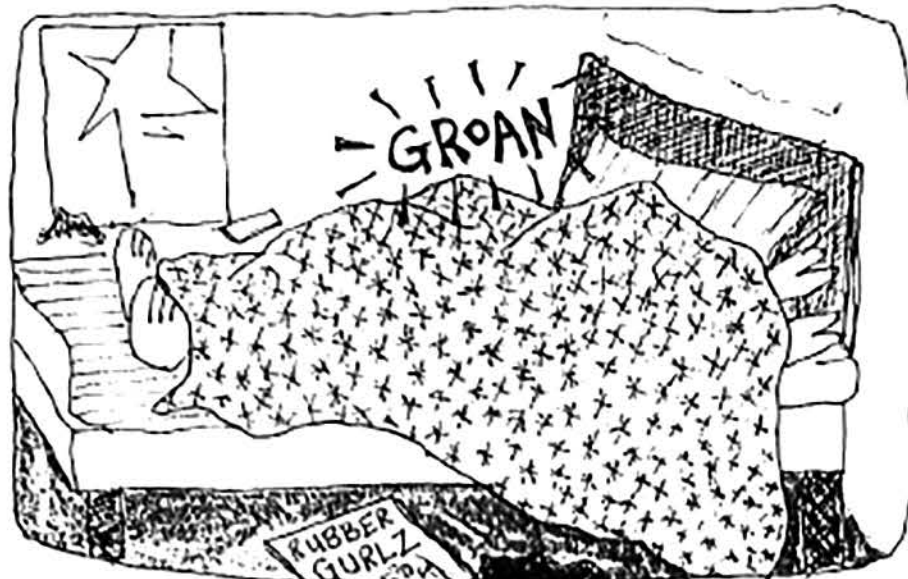
3. When the Chums popped by that evening, Prudence Pig was busy studying a variety of diet plans. "Here we go again...", mumbled Wanda Worm, who was premenstrual and highly irritable.



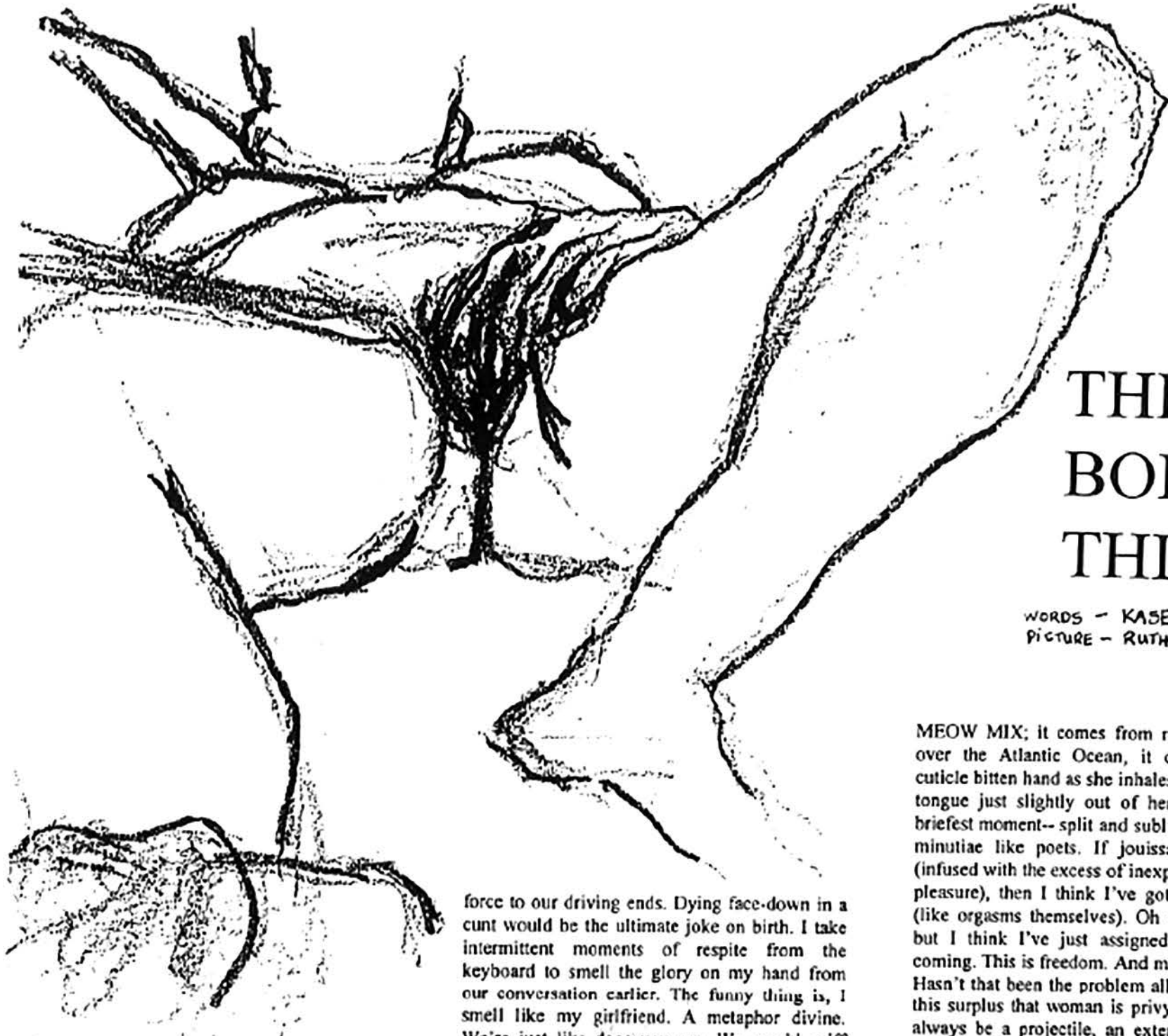
4. "I just feel dreadful when I go out to the SLAPPERZ INN and it's choc full of girls in hipster jeans and tight shirts", explained Pru. "I'm too self conscious to even dance..." Hilda Hedgehog and Wanda Worm could see that Beatrice Bear was about to go off on a rant, so they quickly left...



5. "For all the feminist literature on your shelves, you sure are talking like an unenlightened robot!", snarled Bea, getting awfully annoyed. "Body fascism is a pathetic tool of the multibillion pound fashion & cosmetic industry and I'm surprised that you've fallen into that trap!". Prudence Pig felt embarrassed but strangely excited by Bea's fury....



6. "Coo Bea, thanks for showing me just how silly I've been behaving", fawned Prudence, "you're SO clever... un...perhaps you could help me to understand chapter 3 of my new RUBBER GURLZ book..." "Sure!", winked Beatrice as she squeezed Pru's ample ass, "now...where's your furry handcuffs?..."



# THE BOLD THING

WORDS - KASE  
PICTURE - RUTH

"Write anything you want," my girlfriend said. "I really love your mind." And damn, I thought it was my long lashes.

Write anything I want? You mean, not an academic paper? At least there I know what to do. I've got comfortable structure and references, index cards and pilfered bibliographies. Sure I still avoid the monitor by making excessive cups of coffee and juggling three cigarettes. I still decide that it's imperative to clean the microwave at this given moment. But that's just it--isn't it? This given moment. She's given me freedom with words and I don't know what to do with that gift. The bookshelf is awfully dusty.

"The Bold Thing" is what my girlfriend calls the whosie whatsie, the ramshackle, the shag, the romp in the hay, the bump and grind: the sex act. I just hung up from having phone sex with her for the first time. You're probably thinking, "yeah well, what's the big deal, especially if you're an American?" Well, besides the fact that she's in Belfast and I'm in New York (MCI phone company are wet from the charges they'll bestow on me), she and I have already had sex during my two week visit. This got me wondering though. Which comes first: physical sex or tele-sex, that is to say, sex which is spoken? And I don't mean this in its most standard applications of dating rituals. You see, me and my girlfriend met in the strangest manner...

Girlfriend said to write about what matters to me. Articulate a desire. Well, sex matters to me. It's what I've always considered the driving

force to our driving ends. Dying face-down in a cunt would be the ultimate joke on birth. I take intermittent moments of respite from the keyboard to smell the glory on my hand from our conversation earlier. The funny thing is, I smell like my girlfriend. A metaphor divine. We're just like dogs you see. We would sniff everyone's butt if it was merely part of our decorum. Well, almost everyone's. Propriety is everything. William Carlos Williams said it best:

*To make a start,  
out of particulars  
and make them general, rolling  
up the sum, by defective means--  
Sniffing the trees,  
just another dog  
among a lot of dogs. What  
else is there? And to do?  
Scratch front and back.  
deceive and eat. Dig  
a musty bone*

The dog motif is pure, forgiving, loyal and uninhibited and that's what I will try to be. It's the sex without touching that has prompted this page. Perhaps my linguistic exchange will make it real for you. Indeed we gave those ninnies at MCI a run for our money.

A brief background. I'm just finishing up my degree in comparative literature in the States. If you know anything at all about that "discipline," you know a little something of where my head is at. We spend four years excavating meaning out of nothingness (well, seven years for me). It's an annoying little component of the humanities which examines the auto-reflexivity of metanonsense. I've made the successful leap from the anatomy of Freud to the linguistic signifiers of Jacques Lacan.

And as for Lacan (the French douche bag himself), in his quest for the meaning of womanhood, he says he's been asking women for years where our coming is coming from but we haven't given him a word. As if. Wasn't logos good enough for God? But I tell you Lacan you dead bastard, it comes from atop the Giant's Causeway, it comes from a bathroom stall at

MEOW MIX; it comes from my lover's voice over the Atlantic Ocean, it comes from her cuticle bitten hand as she inhales smoke with her tongue just slightly out of her mouth for the briefest moment-- split and sublime. We observe minutiae like poets. If jouissance is thought (infused with the excess of inexplicable feminine pleasure), then I think I've got a few of them (like orgasms themselves). Oh don't look now, but I think I've just assigned subjectivity to coming. This is freedom. And multiple orgasms? Hasn't that been the problem all along? What is this surplus that woman is privy to? Must there always be a projectile, an extension, a phallus popping out of the ground at some government agency with turgidity and fluids? I haven't got penis envy, I've got peeing envy. Oh, to be able to write my name in the snow! My ejaculate is not power, it's pleasure. It cannot be measured in a cup. You cannot fill it in a ink-well. And you cannot test its fertility.

It comes from the pitch-dark forest (not the dark bloody continent); it comes from a series of major sevenths played on an out-of-tune piano at the YWCA; it comes from the memory of burgundy. Allow me to recuperate the signified for you in this deconstructionist nightmare: I am coming because I tell you I am coming. If you cannot assign meaning to those words then you have no belief system at all.

Words were all that me and my girlfriend had. I met her in cyberland--a real postmodern romance. My friends asked how it was that I could believe her without having met her. I told them that was all I had--her word came first. If I couldn't assign meaning to what she wrote and spoke, then I was dead. Like the embodiment of one's intangible qualities--we operated like souls--we came together without touching. On the phone we said things like, "I'm hot...I'm wet...I'm close...I'm coming." We spilled our love. We spoke our love. We did a bold thing.

Bold is also turning convention on its head. Bold is realizing that the ivory tower has been stained piss yellow. Bold is answering a post on the web only to discover your soulmate (this is especially bold if you hadn't believed you possessed a soul). Bold is proposing with a bouquet of virtual flowers. Bold is your girlfriend telling you she's in love with you before she's even met you. Is it bold to move to Belfast?

No, it's cagey not to move fast.

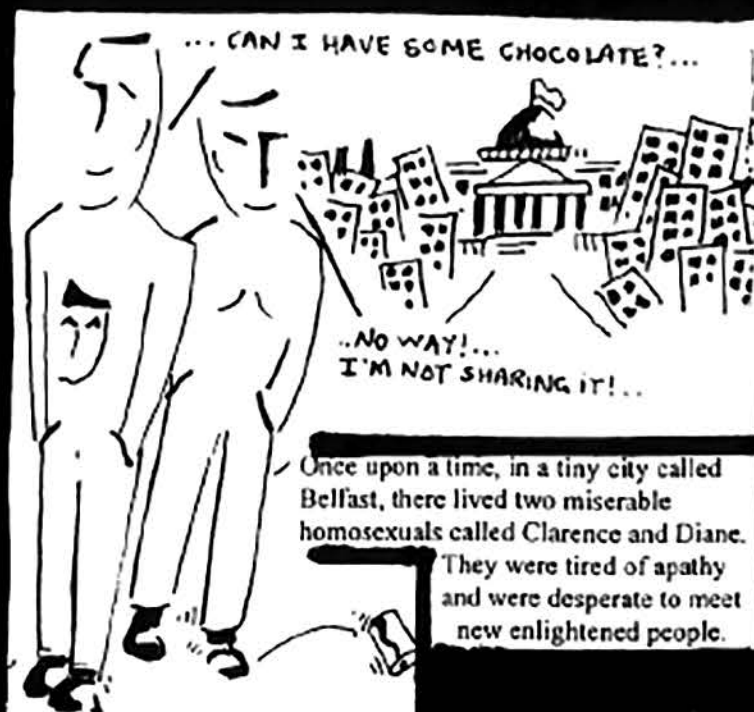


# JUVENILE

## boo-hoo

WORDS BY  
CLARENCE HOTEL

DRAWINGS BY  
R. BERRY



... CAN I HAVE SOME CHOCOLATE?...

..NO WAY!...  
I'M NOT SHARING IT!..

Once upon a time, in a tiny city called Belfast, there lived two miserable homosexuals called Clarence and Diane. They were tired of apathy and were desperate to meet new enlightened people.



One day Clarence discovered the Internet - an information "super-highway" where you could contact people all around the world. Clarence was especially happy because he could indulge all of his little obsessions about his favourite bands that no-one had ever heard of.

Diane too began to eagerly surf the net and soon became friends with a girl in New York called Bagel. Clarence found her name awfully funny. After a whirlwind computer romance, Bagel came to Belfast to be with her loved one.



With their love cemented, Bagel and Diane were not seen very often, except when caught exposing themselves in dark areas of Belfast at night...



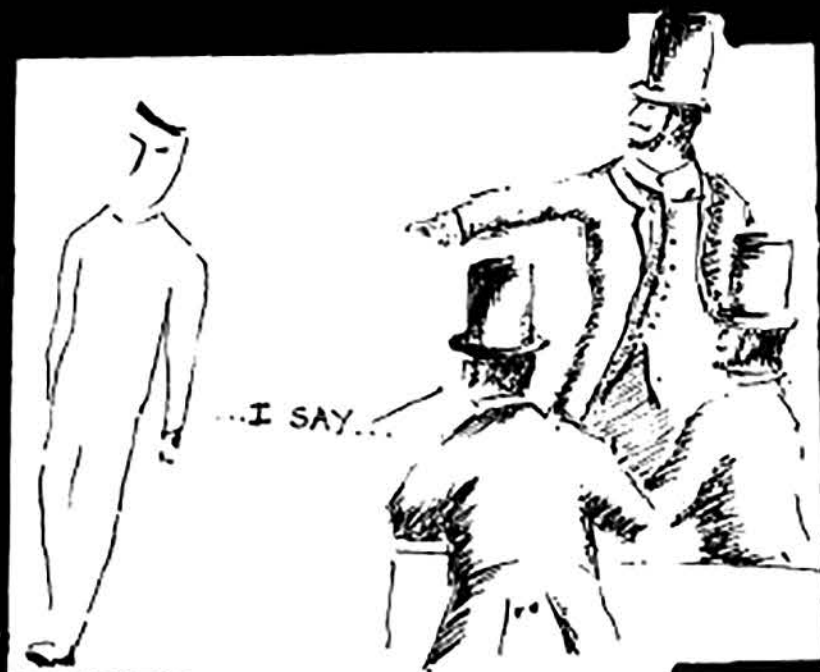
...but Clarence was very unhappy. There was something missing in his life and although he really tried to find out what was wrong, he just ended up abusing his trusty dog and sidekick, Rickenbacker.



Then one day Clarence discovered that not only could you use the computer for your day-to-day internet access, you could also type things in and print them out. So he busied himself by typing page after page of silly arty nonsense that no-one could understand bar his cat, Mangy Bastard.



Unhindered, Clarence continued to beaver away until he suddenly realised that there was no use. It was a sham to bully people into thinking for themselves! It soon became apparent that Clarence was slowly but surely losing his concept of reality. He had been assured of this by Rickenbacker, but now it was all tangible...



The moral of the story is...FUCK MORALS, I HATE punchlines and I'M BLOODY RIGHT! OKAY!?!?





# i can't swim but i can SURF!



MUFFMONSTERS (VERY) ROUGH GUIDE FOR CYBERQUEER WANNABEES

**Child pornography! satanic suicide cults! Selling out to soul-less computers! BLAH!BLAH!BLAH!**

Okay, I think it's time to get over the endless clichés and misinformed technophobia. The internet has been both revered messianically and criticised venomously so many times, that I decided to make up my own mind and check it out for myself a few months ago (I'm usually about 10 years behind the rest of the world when it comes to technology...). What I found on my excursions to the computer bank was a damn useful library of uncensored information, easily accessible to even a clumsy techno failure like myself.

Like any un-policed medium (are there any others?!), there is a serious amount of junk available on the world wide web. Sleazy porn peddlers, Christian fundamentalist whackos, nazis, serial killer obsessives, people who like Celine Dion; they're all monsters easily summoned with the tapping of a few keys. But don't shoot the messenger. A machine is a tool; it can be manipulated for positive and negative means and is not intrinsically good or bad in itself.

It's pleasantly ironic to think that a project developed in part by the US military, has become probably the most colossal information/support/meeting place for queers worldwide. In theory (and I say that because not everyone owns or has access to a computer yet) the net offers us some useful solutions to age old problems. Queers in isolated areas or situations can access information and make contacts to ease the sense of aloneness. There is no "permission" needed to display openly queer writing, no prudish Big Brother to banish our stories to the top shelf next to the jerk off mags. Activist groups can tap into a vast global network of organisations, to exchange news, views and support. The anonymity allowed to net users is particularly useful to those nervous of openly exploring queer stuff. Why suffer disapproving looks from a librarian on asking for queer literature, when you can log on to the web and find what you want in privacy? Rich or poor, male or female, gay or straight...on the net all are equal. A virtual utopia for those used to being on the fringe.

Of course there are some problems. As net usage becomes more mainstream, it is also becoming increasingly commercialised. Virtual billboards try to sell you everything from cars to Christ and this decreases the speed of your search. Access is another big problem. I know of very few people who have their own hardware - it is still very expensive to set yourself up with a decent computer package. Perhaps libraries and schools will eventually provide public facilities, but until then most people will have to avail of cyber cafe services, which can often be expensive.

If you are interested in finding out what the internet has to offer, here's a few practical tips to get you started....

- ☺ Before you spend money in internet cafes, check out the possibility of using web facilities belonging to nearby organisations i.e. universities, voluntary agencies, queer groups etc.
- ☺ Computers don't bite. Don't be afraid of the damn thing. Mistakes are educational!!
- ☺ Surfing really IS quite simple, but don't be shy about asking for help in getting started. You'll soon be flying...
- ☺ For readers in Ireland...Try to use the net before lunchtime. Most of America is still asleep till then and the system will work more quickly.
- ☺ Take a note of interesting website addresses (those <http://www...thingies>) you see in magazines or whatever. It saves a lot of time and money if you don't have to browse aimlessly.
- ☺ Make use of free facilities! You can get yourself a FREE e-mail address for sending and receiving mail worldwide at <http://www.hotmail.com>. Okay, so they bombard you with ads and junk mail, but it's useful.

☺ Don't get addicted!!! Real life is STILL far more interesting!

## Where do i BEGIN? - a totally personal selection of cool places in cyber space...

**QUEER RESOURCES DIRECTORY** - <http://qrd.tep.com/qrd>

An excellent directory of all things queer on the net. Good starting point for the cyberqueer novice and researcher alike.

**OUTRAGE** - <http://www.Outrage.cymnet.co.uk>

Information and opinion packed site from the queer activist group

**IRELANDS PINK PAGES** -

<http://www.qrd.org/qrd/www/world/europe/ireland/dublin>

I know that for primarily financial reasons Ireland is a little bit behind when it comes to the world wide web; I was surprised to find only 2 Irish queer sites. This one is quite basic and visually dull, but you will find info on queer life in various parts of the country, which is a start. I'm sure that this will develop into something a little more substantial with time.

**IRISH LESBIAN NEWS** - <http://indigo.ie/leanor>

Visually uninspired but pretty informative pages on lesbian life in Ireland, from the Lesbian Education & Awareness Project.

**HAPPYFAG** - <http://www.pweb.com/scooter>

A really sweet and cheery site about Scooter and his zine HAPPYFAG. Very personal with some good links. I am in love with his dog Scrappy

**ADBUSTERS** - <http://www.adbusters.org/adbusters>

Headquarters of the Culture Jammers direct action group. Stylish, informative and full of ideas. (SEE ZINE REVIEWS PAGES)

**BLAIR** - <http://www.youth.org/zines/blair>

Not a zine about the new PM, but a weird gothic queerzine with a strange mix of contents. The hilarious interactive picture game, "Lesbian or German Lady?", kills me every time.

**HOTHEAD PAISAN** - <http://www.marystreet.com/III>

A small introduction to one of my all time cartoon heroes, Hothead Paisan - Homocidal Lesbian Terrorist. With a low-down on all of the brilliant characters. It just might prompt you to investigate the comic books, which you bloody well should have already anyway if you are any sort of REAL dyke!!!!!!

**ANNIE SPRINKLE'S HOMEPAGE** -

<http://www.heck.com/sprinkleshaw.html>

Queer performance artist/spiritual sexpert Annie Sprinkle is fabulous as ever on this site. It includes her PUBLIC CERVIX ANNOUNCEMENT and the very wonderful "40 Reasons Why Whores are my Heroes". This woman should be Pope.



OPEN PRAIRIE SYNDICATE - <http://www.visi.com/~oprairie>

Samples of cartoons and comic strips from queer artists.

Some excellent work available on this site.

HOLY TITCLAMPS - <http://www.io.com/~larrybob>

On-line bits and pieces from the well established queerzine Holy Titclamps. Also some excellent links to other queer sites, plus the net edition of Queerzine Explosion.

FATGIRL - <http://www.fatso.com/fatgirl>

Brilliant queerzine for and about fat dykes. Intelligent and witty stuff.

D.Y.K.E. - <http://www.users.dircon.co.uk/~fan>

London based site with lots of dyke stuff. Includes the wonderful Ladies Room - a virtual toilet wall where you can leave messages and meet very bizarre dykes from all over the world.

FREE HOMEPAGE - <http://www.geocities.com/WestHollywood>

Visit some sites in this virtual queer community, then build your own pages for free. Simple to use, good creative fun and an excellent means of making contacts around the world.

FACADE - <http://www.facade.com>

Fun divination site where you can get your tarot/I Ching/biorhythms read for free!! Can't decide between falling in love or throwing yourself off the Ormeau Bridge? - let the universal powers help you decide!

THE BABYSUE HOMEPAGE - <http://www.babysue.com>

One of the finest comics in existence, Baby Sue is a hilarious mixture of Hormone Frenzy, Minnie the Minx and Dada nonsense, created by the collective LMNOP. Check out the legendary Missing Dog Head poster, Baby Sue's guides to religion and her very own poetry page.

EROTIC STUFF -

<http://www.levins.com>

<http://www.dialnet.net>

<http://gaycafe.com>

For those of you honest enough to indulge in some nudie shots, porn pics and really good erotic stories, then these are the pages for you!

RUTH

TERRY

Cliff Richard must  
DIE!  
It would bring me  
such joy!  
to dance on the grave  
of the Bachelor Boy  
© 1997

CORNER  
Ruthie Moonbubbles

## Dyke kids on the Block BY TARA



## Your Children and Homosexuality: A Practical Guide

### 1. Warning Signs...

#### Boys:

Enjoy playing with dolls and tea-sets, unhealthy interest in make-up and Coronation Street, and refusal to play football.

#### Girls:

Climbing trees, beating up boys in their class, usually the first signs. Also liking short hair and playing 'daddy' roles in games.

### 2. Teenage Behavioural Problems...

The initial 'ambiguity' and sexlessness of childhood gone, your child will begin to develop into an adult, and it will mostly occur in girls initially that these sexual problems become apparent. A girl whom you suspect to be homosexual will become interested in Nursing or a blunt refusal to get a boyfriend is usually enough. They will remain very intolerant of boys, and may even develop a desire to become involved in radical politics, such as lesbianism or feminism. A boy, on the other hand, will develop much differently, becoming increasingly interested in his mother's recipes and having a penchant for wearing bright, lurid aprons. This wretched child will also enjoy daytime 'soap operas' such as 'Sons and Daughters' and 'Santa Barbara', their female self thus becoming more apparent as the sickness increases in strength.

### 3. Adult-hood and the Final Analyses...

With the sickness now in full control, there is not much hope for your child bar talking about their problem. This usually concludes in irrational behaviour in your child, including (in girls) hysterical laughter, and (in boys) dramatic weeping. It is also a parent's duty to remember that their child's affliction is not their fault - we can usually gauge these symptoms by air pollution, unhealthy diet, too much TV etc - although often it can be blamed on the lack of good parenting, or the absence of a parent, depending on the gender of the child.

A good parent will not have a homosexual child, despite contrary belief by radical latter-day scientists and left-wingers.



# DELIVER US FROM EVIL



I have some embarrassingly odd habits, like deliberately not buying a product if it's got an advert that attracts me, or picking the raisins out of muesli because they look like squashed spiders. But my most disgusting habit is actually reading those awful religious leaflets that come through the letter-box. As in usual with such addictions, after a time you need a bigger buzz and end up hitting the hard stuff - in my case, the occasional browse through the volumes on christian bookshop shelves. It's the wannabe spy coming out in me. I kind of liked to be clued into what the other species are doing.

It used to be a bit of a gas, just lurking about the "Christian Comics & Puzzle-books" section and listening with a grin to that awful christian Country n' Western music the insist on torturing customers with. The laughs these days, however, are thin on the ground. I think it's gotten to the stage where it's too scary to just giggle at. It seems that the usual misogyny, homophobia and arrogant belief in their own superiority is being stretched to the limit. Maybe I've underestimated the twisted imagination of the global christian propaganda machine, but how the fuck did they come to the conclusion that there is a "homosexual conspiracy" to cover up the "true nature" of AIDS?!!? You can buy a video on the subject. The lies come cheap in all formats.

I stand aghast in disbelief. All-5'3" of me; the living embodiment of evil, a shell for the seed of satan. See, I had the audacity to be brought up catholic, which in "true" christian eyes is reason enough to burn me at the stake (never mind that I'm a roving queer). I have never seen such a blatant little hate machine as the pamphlet titled "Are roman-catholics really christians?" (As if we needed more fuel to tend the fires of violent bigotry in this fucked up country).

YOU ARE EVIL VILE DISGUSTING SCUM. EVIL EVIL EVIL. QUEENS ARE EVIL. ALL OTHER BELIEFS ARE EVIL. YOU HAVE DEMONS, LITTLE GIRL. YOU WILL BURN, NEE BOY...

I remember being about 10 years old, staying over in my grannies and not being able to sleep because of the bloodied and terrifying picture of Jesus hanging on the wall. Other faiths have their own sacred visual nightmares - eternal fires of hell and damnation, humankind plagued with disease and torture. That kids are emotionally blackmailed with such violent images of suffering and terror is a horribly subtle manifestation of child-abuse.

EVERY TIME YOU'RE A BAD GIRL, THE NAILS GET DRIVEN DEEPER INTO JESUS' HANDS...

...her red crayon never lasts too long. The greens, blues and violets are still whole and smooth - unnecessary tools for "My bible colouring book / 4". She fleetingly considers sliding the orange stick from its little box, but hell is hotter than sunbursts and yet again she takes the scarlet crayon in her small hands, weaving it carefully inside the lines of the crudely drawn cartoon of satan's sanctuary...

The knarled beauty of religion is that it has an inbuilt reply to every criticism - "god / allah / Jehovah etc. is NEVER wrong". I know that I'm more likely to share a spliff with the Loch Ness monster than I am to ever hear a "believer" admit the possibility that they may just be terribly mistaken. Is your fear of death so great that you'll blindly obey and cover all your life to avoid looking it in the eyes? Is your very essence so broken and frail that you must bandage it with intolerance and hatred? Is your mind so jammed on PAUSE that the potential for movement terrifies you with its unpredictability?

My pacifist nature disallows me the rampant joy of burning their hateful libraries to the ground. Besides, I refuse to give them a gift of an opportunity to throw their arms up in martyrdom and brand me dirty yet again.

I think that it would be very sweet and considerate of you (YES! YOU) to write and photocopy a little nizzave on the merits of having a brain. Having done so, perhaps you would kindly insert a copy in several of the texts which clutter the religious bookshops of the world (I've noticed that few such bookstores have security cameras. I guess that christians don't shoplift...) Your words may just save the sanity of some brainwashed and spirit-battered individual who stumbles upon them. If this is too much of a wuss tactic for your anarchic taste, I'll leave (preferably non-violent) alternatives to the limits of your imagination.

All I know anymore, is that silence in the face of growing moral despotism and institutionalised fear is lethal. You've maybe seen the documentary on the I.V., the one where the bible-junkie man accepts the suicide of his son as the preferable alternative to that son's homosexuality? I know that I can't tolerate that kind of blindness anymore, not without at least fighting back in some way. The fire's started in the forest and if we just sit back and watch, they're going to make damn sure we burn.





Selwyn

IT IS IN YOUR SELF-INTEREST  
TO FIND A WAY  
TO BE VERY TENDER



God bless channel 5! They're doing something right by airing the superb popular American T.V. show *Xena: Warrior Princess*. A spin-off from *Hercules: Legendary Journeys*, Xena is unabashedly queer in every sense of the word. Born in a time when Gods ruled the earth, the land cried out for a hero. I don't suppose they were expected a goddess-like heroine with awesome metallic cleavage, lots of leather, and a split skirt. A mix of faux mythology and *La Cage aux Folles*, Xena offers up camp in chain mail the likes of which have never been seen. And Xena has learned from "the Gods" how to kick serious butt while bringing peace, truth, and justice to whatever disruptive village or forest she saunters into. And saunter she does. I'd always thought we place far too much emphasis on appearance and bodily perfection, but when one gets a visual load of Xena's glorious thighs, all that thinking catapults out the window. Australian-born actress Lucy Lawless plays the title character with a fresh cocksure approach and a costume to die for.

The show goofs around a lot with identity swapping that leads to much teasing gender play. And while the lesbian innuendoes may not have been originally intended, the writers and directors have quickly caught on to Xena's enormous lesbian following. On each episode, you can count on some delicious fem to fem titillation. Once a month in New York's popular dyke bar Meow Mix, they present "Xena Night" where a gaggle of lesbians gather round to watch with Budweiser breath for the most titillating scenes which add to the lesbo quirkiness of the show. And these moments can usually be found between Xena and her pert and very eager-to-learn side kick, Gabrielle (whose crop tops reveal more torso as each season progresses). In sweet, subtle S&M tones, Gabrielle can always be found walking the ground and toting the horse while Xena strides its back.



Going Down with

**XENA**



© 1995 MCA Television

**XENA**—WARRIOR PRINCESS, DYKE ICON AND TREE HUMPER

Battles must be won and the fighting scenes are probably the most entertaining. Using her own definitive cat call wail, Xena puts most olympic gymnasts to shame. She performs repeated back flips and split kicks entire (male) warrior gangs to smithereens. When Xena starts her yell (which sounds something like one would utter while crossing hot coals), you can bet some serious ass-kicking will commence. She's even got her own fabulous (one might say feminist) weapon. Her *chakram* is a hallowed out brass ring (a symbol of cyclic energy) that when thrown like a frisbee, castrates the necks of her most brutish enemies. But believe you me, not all her rivals are male

nor all men evil. Some of the best fights are amongst women, particularly with Calisto, Xena's flat-stomached, blonde, arch nemesis. And then there's the good Aires—a fox of a man with the face of Chris Cornell and body of the Incredible Hulk who, from time to time, helps Xena back on the path of righteousness after the occasional fall from grace. So invite a gaggle of queers over to your place and start your own "Xena Night." It's packed with the most entertaining and campiest punch this side of *Dynasty* and *Twin Peaks*.

Check out the brilliant Xena innuendo website at - <http://members.aol.com/Xenasrb/aditl/aditl.htm>

KASE

YOU CAN SEE XENA ON CHANNEL 5 AT 6:55pm ON SATURDAYS





# Henry's JOURNAL

HUFF #1: THE MAGNIFICENT AND MISUNDERSTOOD

## 1. MARQUIS de SADE

Many people immediately reel back in horror at the mere mention of his name, but forget all the sensationalist rhetoric surrounding his legend. His books 120 Days of Sodom, Philosophy in the Boudoir and Justine are incredibly important books, important because they expound every idea and aspect of humanity that we have tried (very badly) to hide. The first thing that we think of about this man is his intensely philosophical interest in the connection between violence and sex and vice versa. The narrative style in 120 Days of Sodom is, for instance, savage and brutal to the point where we are not allowed to feel any sort of disgust or horror or even sympathy for the characters. Even the victim of the incestuous brother and sister in Philosophy in the Boudoir, who is subjected to rape, flagellation, then urinated on and brutally circumcised is strangely exempt from our sympathy. The Marquis de Sade's writings always resound of an aching disappointment and frustration with humanity, we must remember that he was imprisoned for most of his life, had all his writing tools removed from him and was denounced publicly, yet the man is reviled even today as a sort of eighteenth century Charles Manson, out to corrupt humanity. But he always maintained that the truly 'free' person should not feel horror at his work, that it was mankind's folly to ignore or suppress their basest instincts, and that the only way that humanity would progress was through recognising that we are hardly different from any other animal, that our nature is exactly the same as that of a lion or a snake, and it is our duty as tertiary species to further ourselves via educating ourselves to become more and more organised and a therefore less hypocritical species. He believed that guilt and conscience were pointless, because we still hadn't reached the point of advancement where we could consider ourselves above animals, yet we did so regardless. Unfortunately mis-interpreted by idiots like Nietzsche and Freud, the mind behind the writings is one of the most fascinating and intelligent in literary history.



## 2. PETER TATCHELL

Is regularly slagged off by the mainstream Gay Press, who are run by and for yuppie gay men who have no interest in furthering their human rights that are being violated every day. A compliment in a sick sort of way when you consider that any queer in the public view who says it like it is will get pins stuck into them. I used to be a bit suspicious about him mainly because he always seemed to be in the right place at the right time, and when I saw him on TV I used to think "Not him again?" But the reason he receives so much abuse in the press is that he threatens those silly men (and women) and their apathetic little lives. He has weathered all sorts of media attack and has the *de rigueur* of a French Taoist, a man who knows what's what and takes all the crap in his stride.

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Relieve periods of worry  
irritability, nervousness & strain.  
Promotes natural sleep.

200 Tablets

As a natural  
muscle relaxant

## 3.5 (Possibly) ... FLEETWOOD MAC

The ONLY Soap Opera with good music. They split up, they got back together, shagged each other, kept Bolivia afloat with their ferocious cocaine intake and STILL managed to retain the compus mentus to record music. Whatever anyone says *Rumours* and *Tusk* are two of the finest albums of that awful AOR genre to not lose their hair or their unbearably claustrophobic tension. 'Never Going Back Again', 'Gold Dust Woman', 'Brown Eyes' and 'Over And Over' make the MOR pish that followed in their wake look positively Elevator. And 'Sara' is one of the greatest six-and-a-half minutes EVER EVER. Lets hear it one more time... "Don't stop thinkin' about tomorrow, don't stop it'll soon be here..."

## 3. THE SEX INDUSTRY

When I say the Sex Industry I mean prostitution and hard-core pornography, one of the biggest targets of the 'The Moral Majority'. I admire the whole movement behind the Sex Industry, in the same way that a lot of people admire Larry Flynt, i.e. he challenged Middle Class White America and even though he himself was a complete stinker, his triumph over the stupid liberals and conservatives of America is astounding, even now. Legalised Prostitution would be the saving grace of this country - imagine how many Politicians and Vicars would tighten the belt around their necks with joy if it did become legal! The one thing that is completely repellent and yet completely invisible to many is the fact that we feed images of sex every day on TV, they are an intrinsic part of Commerciality, used to sell everything from Cat food to Toilet rolls to Cars, and people do not even so much as wonder why. Then we get ads for Condoms, where sex is only implied, and why? That's why I think hard-core pornography is important, simply because it's a real tangible thing that deals with a basic need, there is no intellectual thought or titillation involved, just eyes-to-genitalia. In Ireland and Britain, where sex crime and sex abuse is highest in Europe, we are deprived of the use of sex as a positive image, instead people are only comfortable with sex in a neutral, non-threatening setting, therefore adding to the problem. The point being that sex becomes disembodied to the point where people, no matter how intelligent or aware, do not connect sex with the instinctive force that it is, rather as a sort of commodity or by product of some non-instinctive reaction, i.e. by buying whatever product, for instance a car or shampoo, you will suddenly discover sex.. Despite the Kafka-esque paranoia of this, it is unfortunately true. In a country where sex education is shockingly backward, sensuality of any form is either laughed at in a street-level, embarrassed way or shunned by religious or 'moral' nutters, this is suicidal. Suicidal because the only way we can cut down on violent sex crime and child abuse is by educating people about sex, rather encouraging a sort of prudish loathing of our second most basic instinct after survival.



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#### 4. THE MENENDEZ BROTHERS



Convicted a number of years ago for murdering their parents, the Menendez brothers are here because they smashed the whole hypocrisy of parental values and their pseudo-importance. Those boys never stood a chance, mainly because there were a whole bastion of people involved with that case, family and lawyers, and typically people will only dabble at the 'grey' areas of that case simply because the truth is there if a little opaque, but a very scary and harsh truth for them to deal with. The parents left a huge sum of money to their children, and undoubtedly

the lawyers and relatives involved saw it in their best interests to get them out of the way in order to acquire the Menendez fortune. So why were the Menendez brothers not really guilty? Well, the case for their defence said that they were abused by their father and refused any help by their parents. It's a fact that 99% of abuse victims will either get physically or psychologically as far away as possible from their parents rather than confront them about the pain the inflicted upon them, so therefore the Menendez brothers were an anomaly. And a very important factor in their defence is that they never went out and picked on some completely innocent person - as many abused children will later do e.g. Hitler, Denis Nilsson. They were a freak of Middle Class White America and therefore had no chance in the largely Conservative Judicial system. They expounded the situationist theory of autonomy for children, and thus had to be made an example of by Those That Know Best just in case any other kids decided it was time to fight back.

## Vere E. Slutte

Her ability to upset the tranquility of middle-class heterosexual lives meant everything to Veronique Cuntista - and she could hardly bear to face the fact that she was going to lose that freedom; any day now she was to be sent down for that breaking and entering job, the profits from which she was to fund her militant queer publishing press. But when dashing do-gooder Lawrence Needeldic and his beautiful wife Phoebe intervene with an offer to take her into their care as part of a pilot external prisoners scheme, Veronique discovers a new avenue to revolution... Soon the Needeldic homestead is humming to the tune of hot lesbo action, but will the police discover Lawrence' corpse under the patio?

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Romance for every mood

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0: 2022



Slutte

DILDO DAWN

MSB

#### 65. JULIAN COPE

The Arch Drude, Saint Julian Cope, who is a complete madman, therefore incredibly intelligent. His championing of German experimental music of the late 60s/early 70s - via his book *Krautrock sampler* - is a feat that is only now being realised, so that all the stupid idiots e.g. Primal Scream, Aphex Twin are saying they loved all along etc. He was there at the funeral of Jill Phipps, who was killed protesting against the transportation of sheep from and to France. He was there at the Anti-Newbury by-pass stand-off. He (along with his ex and similarly god-like genius Lydia Lunch) warned us all about the horrors of Courtney Love before she became Miss Hollywood asshole. He despises the hypocrisy of the Education system, the Church, the Fur trade, Bono, is a Vegetarian and has been slagged off and laughed at for being a 'stupid hippie', but yet has more to offer us than the collected members of Parliament and all the music papers put together. His albums 'Fried' and '20 Mothers' are works of ultrasonic genius, in my books ranking alongside those mentioned in my fave album list further on.



Mills & Boon

Romance



DILDO DAWN

Vere E. Slutte







# The Jolly Green Queen presents...

HOW TO SAVE THE PLANET  
WITHOUT GIVING YOURSELF  
A HEADACHE ABOUT IT ALL

← lovely shoes

Imagine this sweeties (cue wavy lines and Vaseline on the lens...)

Imagine that there was a single natural substance that could transform the planet as we know it.

Suppose that this versatile matter could aid in famine relief, had extensive medical uses, could solve the problems of rainforest devastation and global pollution, whilst providing employment all over the world.

Picture that this miraculous stuff was plentiful and easy to produce in large quantities.

Now, before you start presuming that an overdose of hairspray has caused me to mutate into a hideous hybrid of Sting, Bob Geldof and Mother Theresa, kick off those high heels, sit back and listen...

The "fantasy" substance of which I speak *actually exists*. Yeah yeah...you're thinking "If something so bloody wonderful is for real, why the hell haven't I heard about it?!" I'll tell you why. The stuff in question is (sshh!) cannabis hemp. Yup, seriously.

Y'see, the cannabis plant can be used for so much more than just smoking yourself silly and listening to jazz for six hours. Its various properties can be processed to make paper, cloth, plastic and even fuel. The seed itself is highly nutritious as food. The symptoms of many illnesses can be alleviated to a certain degree by hemp usage. But we already have the means to produce all of these things, so why bother messing about with weed? Okay...

We persist in raping forests for end products like paper, irreparably damaging whole eco-systems along the way. You can make four times as much paper from one acre of hemp as you can from one acre of trees, at one quarter the cost of producing paper from wood pulp and causing only one fifth of the usual pollution.

"Yes  
Penelope,  
I'm growing  
cannabis  
to help  
build a  
more  
beautiful  
world..."



The canvas type cloth made from hemp is one of the strongest, most durable textiles known. Style queens take note - even your beloved Levi jeans were originally made from the stuff...

Plastic, as many of you know, is a dodgy chemical creation but the versatile bio-plastic made from hemp is both tough and biodegradable.

If people in developing countries were educated and permitted to grow cannabis, they would have a safety net in times of famine, as hemp seed is an easily digestible high source of protein and fatty oils.

The full range of medical properties of marijuana is unknown, but digested or smoked it's powerful in preventing nausea, increasing appetite and easing pain. It is particularly effective in the treatment of AIDS and multiple sclerosis, where it has far fewer and less serious side-effects than some prescribed medicines.

PHEW! Pretty good, huh? Makes you wonder why we haven't been growing and using the stuff for YEARS...

Let's go back a bit...Before this century, hemp provided most of the world's paper and textiles and was so valuable that it was used as currency in places like America (where the first U.S. flags were made

The Family who  
smokes together  
jokes together...  
Or something...



from the cannabis plant!!) Prior to 1937, it was sold as a legal "cure-all" medicine - It's highly probable that Queen Victoria used marijuana as a period pain-killer in the days before Feminax!  
So, what went wrong? Why do we now treat one of nature's greatest gifts like it was an unexploded missile?

Firstly, Marijuana is illegal because it contains the chemical THC, which gets you high if smoked or eaten. We can't have people enjoying themselves now, can we? Despite the fact that I'd have much less hassle in Shaftesbury Square on a Saturday night if all the people falling out of Lavery's and The Manhattan were stoned instead of pissed... There have been many theories bandied about as to why cannabis was criminalised in the first place. A big factor in many such theories is racism. It was actually said on the floor of the US Congress that cannabis should be banned because it made a black man look twice at a white woman. *Jesus!!!*

Possession of hemp seed is illegal unless it is sterilised. If it is sterile, it can't grow...so what's the point?

As usual, money plays a big part in preventing global advancement through hemp. Tobacco, timber and fuel companies (to name but a few) have always resisted attempts made to bring hemp to the fore in industry, as they would lose out big time. Multinationals hold great swaying power with their respective governments, so a disapproving look from the big guys can hold up progress in this area.

In 3rd world countries there is more interest in poppy cultivation than marijuana growth - the heroin and cocaine provided to drug barons ensures a steady income for uncaring governments and paltry wages to those who would benefit most from the by-products of hemp.

Perhaps the greatest hindrance of all is ignorance. Most of us have a very fixed (and very blinded) view of what marijuana is. In many respects it's not our fault; our education on the subject is limited and very few people I've spoken to are aware of it's myriad benefits. There HAS been a little more publicity about industrial hemp use of late, I even saw a TV news report on one of the small hemp farms which are popping up around Ireland (special government permits are needed for this). But the overwhelming public view is still one of fear and misunderstanding. I recently read a newspaper article about the hysteria caused by a new energy drink made from hemp. As usual there was blind condemnation and little tolerance - cannabis in any form - the end of civilisation as we know it!! Purleeeeesel!!!

I guess the best we can do for now is make people aware of the truth about cannabis hemp and support pressure groups seeking to affect changes in the law. Don't allow our governments to sit on their asses, guilty as a bishop on Father's Day, while the planet disintegrates into an uninhabitable mush.



Further reading: "The Emperor Wears No Clothes", by Jack Herer - a history of cannabis/hemp and its uses. Brilliant book!

Organisations: CAMPAIGN TO LEGALISE CANNABIS INTERNATIONAL ASS., 54c Peacock St., Norwich NR3 1TB

FREE MEDICAL MARIJUANA FOUNDATION, P.O. Box 2223, Glastonbury BA6 9YU

(if anyone can let me know of a campaigning group in Ireland, I'd be happy to print the contact address)

Websites: UK CANNABIS INTERNET ARCHIVE - <http://www.fooobar.co.uk/users/ukcia> - excellent informative site, stuff on politics/hemp/history/contacts

GREEN PANTHERS - <http://www.greenpanthers.org> - funky US site from the hemp liberation group.

Hemp products: HOUSE OF HEMP, PO Box 12108, London NS 2WA - hemp clothes, paper products etc. mail order.

hey! learn about stuff! Queens don't live in a vacuum! ...um... actually, I do! Just a small Housing Executive Dust Buster... but it's home...



Seeing as how I was too busy obsessing in comic shops and stuffing my face with bagels to check out the queer scene in NY, I asked Sabrina of New York queerzine **BAMBOO GIRL** to fill me in on the crack there...

*Ruth: How are things going on the scene then?*

Sabrina: I think there are good social things going on, like more girl clubs opening, or are staying open and being successful. On the political end, there is still much work to do. Especially for queer girls of colour. The fags are pretty good with their mobilizations and are definitely more visible in their efforts than the girls. I think it's because there isn't enough cohesiveness among the girls. I hate to admit it but they can be really catty and sometimes overly petty about shit (yeah, tell me about it...). And among girls of colour who are queer, there are so many different cliques/factions that although there is an effort and somewhat successful rate in getting our asses together, it's not as visible and organised as it should be. So there ends up being a limited amount of success for us.

*R: So there's a big racial divide...*

S: In general, the whole queer and gender communities do not address people of colour as part of the whole and seem to view it as a unique thing that "we have to deal with". Meanwhile they go on about their white-identified goals without any regard to how people of colour may feel alienated, left out or even biased against. I think that women are more vocal, since there are things like Riot Grrrl that promote girls to vocalise, although from my experience of being involved, there is no real address to girls of colour, though some people on the "higher rungs" of things are too blown up in the head to think so. I don't hear much from the guys on this subject.

*R: What are the main concerns over there at the moment?*

S: I think the main concerns for queer people here are visibility and fighting back against queer bashing. There's a group here called AVP (Anti Violence Project) which fights against and documents all the shit that's perpetrated onto us queer people and suggests resources for help.

*R: There's a really healthy queerzine culture in the States, lots of people producing their own publications on stuff that matters to them. Sometimes I can't help feeling that we're all preaching to the converted though, that our work only ever reaches those who are already involved in queer politics and culture...*

S: Good point. Some of what I do does speak to the already converted but I



get much mail from people who live in the boonies, like redneck suburbs, that get my zine through word of mouth or some other persons publication, as well as from white people who have had no clue before of what girls like me are like. They write to me saying that they really learned something and that even though they may not relate, that they're glad I exist to fill that niche. I think that both aspects are very important. I've reached many girls who've written me back saying that they don't feel so alone anymore, most of these are fellow mixed-race girls who've been discriminated against and who've been figuring out how to identify themselves because of their mixed racial heritages. So, to answer your question, the zine community is SUPPOSED to be there to communicate issues that are not getting their fair share of exposure throughout all types of community - to empower and educate. However, many "zinesters" nowadays are too hooked on getting a damn bar code, on how much they can make or how they can dig another competitive zine with similar topics into the ground, therefore exterminating their audiences. I've seen this happen. It's really prevalent on the girl zine scene. It's fuckin' ugly! But I just keep keepin' on and ignore the nonsense, because I keep telling myself that they've lost sight of what writing is really all about.

*R: I know that music is a really big part of the queer scene both in the US and in Britain. Lots of loud and angry queer bands (some good, some completely bloody awful) singing (screaming?) about queer issues in the punk "tradition"...*

S: Music is very important in the US because there are a lot of queer kids who are seeing queer punk stars singing up there, which is great for role models and visibility. I believe this because punk is such a straight white boy dominated thing and to empower queers with acknowledging their punk roots and loves...it validates our existence even further, even in this community that doesn't really accept queers and people of colour, which is really important to see happening.

I think I got a little homesick on Christmas day. Without my granny's home-made boiled cake and the obligatory family row it's just not the same. It took a visit to my lover's best friend's home to settle me. In a tiny apartment on the east side, Myrna, a gentle Filipino mother, stuffed me with traditional food and way too much ice-cream. Topsy on a little wine and fussing to make me feel at home, she sat at the piano and played "Danny Boy"; a gesture that made me grin but touched me like a warm hug. Generous thoughts and hearty laughing eyes are more excellent to experience than any world famous landmark....

EXCEPT FOR TIME SQUARE!!

BROADWAY!!! Oh, shallow cheap whore that I am, but it's GLORIOUS! It's everything I hoped it would be, with a few topless bars and strip joints thrown in for that necessary reality check. Essential plastic souvenirs in hand, I fought back the (appropriately dramatic) tears when I discovered the impossibility of getting tickets for Julie Andrews in "Victor/Victoria" at one of the main theatres. HEARTBREAK! Ever willing to give in to my pathetic foibles, my lover instead splashed out on seats for "Rent", a queer musical that has proven too good to keep off Broadway. It was really a lot of fun; a sort of unbelievable cross between "Fame" and a Sarah Schulman novel. Hey, any show that includes lyrics about dildos and mutual masturbation is okay by me.

There's far more to Manhattan than I'll have room to remember. The extrovert squirrels who lay claim to Central Park. The piss-taking teenage black girls on the train. The stench of steam rising up from underground. There's so much I couldn't fit in; the only Statue of Liberty I saw was a 20 foot Bugs Bunny in a Warner Bros. store.

But I DID get to kiss my girlfriend on top of the Empire State Building at night, looking out over the strangely familiar lights of New York.

And that's pretty damn cool.



CENTRAL PARK SQUIRRELS RULE!



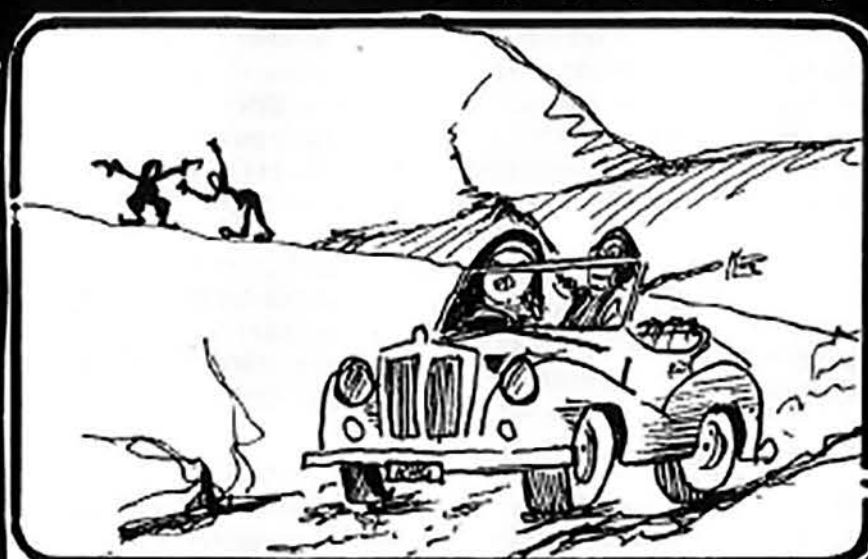
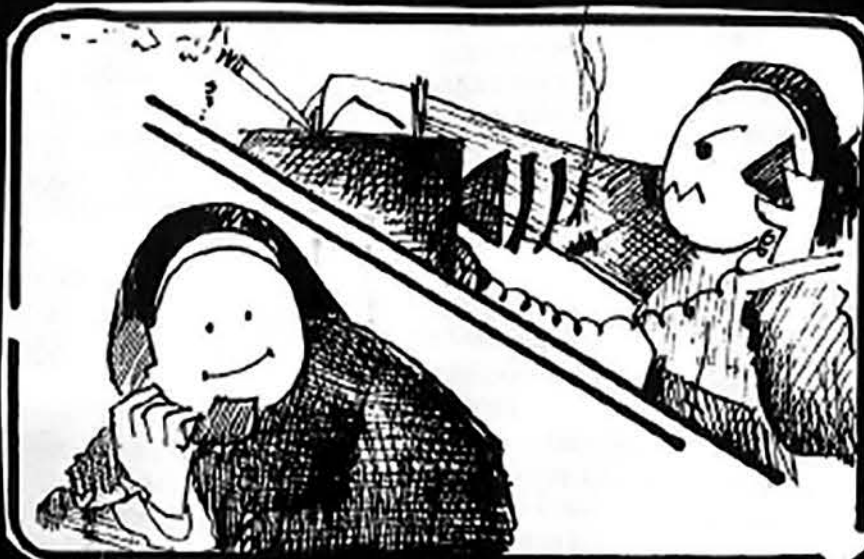
POSTER ON A WALL IN THE EAST VILLAGE, NYC.



# SISTER RAGE & NOVICE NUN



"FASCISTS!", hissed Sister Regina, scouring the pop pages of the Ballykissmyass Examiner. She was looking for her review of the Harness Hoores gig that she'd submitted MONTHS ago. "Mmm bop", hummed Novice Nun, skipping to the phone... "It's for you-hoo Rage...it's Sister Rue..."



"ah...good evening and God bless, Sister Regina..."

"Yeah, yeah...what d'ya want?!"

"er...well...would you believe it but St. Brigid's Day is almost upon us again and we'll be having our usual little celebration tomorrow night at the convent. Myself and the sisters would like to extend an invitation to yourself and young Novice..."

"TIME?!"

"Pardón, Sister Regina?"

"What T-I-M-E?"

"Oh...about 7.30...just the usual mix of songs and games. The bishop will be visiting this year, so it'll be EXTRA special...em...don't worry about dragging your guitar along Sr. Regina...um...see you then...God Bless..." Novice enjoyed the short drive to the convent of the Sisters Of Perpetual Perpetuity. When Rage occasionally slowed down to 40 mph, there was often something interesting to see. Passing the Tai Chi slags was always fun. She had already counted about 64 moves and positions.



Novice often wondered why Rage had the peculiar habit of sniffing sherbet through a straw before an evening out. "Well," she panted as they approached the convent door, "it gives her a bit of energy anyway, bless her..."

Inside, the sisters were supping from their flasks and having a little chat.

"Oh, in my day it was all 'mickey dodger' this and 'holy penguin' that!" laughed Sister Contracepta.

"Those children at Burnt-Out-Car Heights parish had SUCH imagination!...oh, that's a lovely crucifix you have on there, Sister Assumpta. Very unusual..."

"Isn't it, though?" replied Assumpta. "I got it from a little African boy called Patrick Umtwangas when I was out on the missions. He traded his villages' supply of Relief Aid...ahem...contraceptives for the ivory to make it with. I think he had a little crush on me, bless him!"



# ART OF THE IDIOT:

WHY WE  
DON'T NEED

ANDREW  
SULLIVAN'S  
GAY

APOLOGISM

Andrew Sullivan's 'Virtually Normal' arrived in 1994 in a flurry of press and media hype, Camille Paglia-style, receiving much of its attention due to the author's status as a respected political commentator and editor for the loathsome US 'New Republic' magazine. Unlike Paglia's work, however, which can either be (thankfully) taken as serious due to its relentless rhetoric, or written off as half-arsed obscurist and self-indulgent bullshit, Sullivan had the

advantageous overview that rendered him more immediate and relevant with the political climate of the time. Plus he's also a man. A lot of people who admire his work in the Sunday Times and in 'New Republic' will therefore be attracted to the book as they feel he may elucidate for them things that they were previously unaware of. And, predictably, this has happened since many of the mainstream publications and, scarily enough, Gay Times, welcomed the book as a sort of 'interesting new aspect' to the 'debate' of homosexuality. As if being gay was in some way a political stance to be debated.

I also take great offence to the fact that Sullivan makes so many third-person gay references, it sounds like he is not gay. Pathetically hidden self-loathing perhaps? He says "This is the argument of my life and I have to win it", but his writing shows an astounding amount of self-doubt that I really don't believe he is completely convinced of his aim himself. His language is always condescending, and finds room to be sympathetic with both the conservatives - don't bite the hand that feeds you Andrew! - and what he insanely terms 'Prohibitionists' -

homophobes, religious bigots and so on. The parallel references between these two, without becoming heavily analytical is an incredibly clumsy and stupid analogy. Alcohol is a symptom of alcoholism, but homosexuality is most definitely not a symptom of anything.

I should try and be as fair as possible to the book - he does raise some very good points, especially in the chapter entitled 'A Politics of Homosexuality', but every time he makes a good point he completely kills it by making such unbelievably homophobic remarks like "So long as homosexual adults as citizens insist on the involuntary nature of their condition, it becomes politically impossible simply to deny or ignore the fact of homosexuality". My interpretation of that statement basically implied that he feels some gay people are of that orientation through, I don't know, malice or self-loathing or something. As we all know brothers and sisters, it's so easy being gay, isn't it?

The pervasive indecision in 'Virtually Normal' makes it an uncomfortable journey, where you will always feel that Sullivan is unsure about his assertions. This leads to laughably obvious contradictions - assuring us that accepting one's sexuality is difficult, next page he says "many young lesbians mad homosexuals seem to have an easier time of it", very egotistically suggesting that his level of intelligence led him to feel more uncomfortable with being gay than most others (Ha! he should come to Belfast!). Further on he insists that society should make room for homosexuality but only by allowing "legal homosexual marriage and divorce" and "equal access to the military". As if those things are going to validate your existence as a good citizen in society - two anachronistic and socialistically mummifying institutions we could do without. His rationalisation is frightening - the political rationalisation that we hear everyday, and are bored to death with - and he feels "every homosexual child will learn the rituals of deceit, impersonation, and appearance. Anyone who believes political, social, or even cultural revolution will change this fundamentally is denying reality". And I thought 'Gay Times' was the bigot-sucker. Mr Sullivan is, in my humble opinion, really seriously wrong on 90% of his assertions. On top of all this, his approach is totally wrong; Camille Paglia is completely full of crap, but her speech and diction is so furious, full of energy and is downright entertaining that she can easily suck you in for the time spent with her. Sullivan instead meekly sticks his tongue out at the homophobic institutions in society, hoping perhaps that, rather than write him off as another commie-left-wing-homosexual-nigger-loving pervert (which they will, bigot's houses have no windows, remember) they'll perhaps like him. Frankly his fingers should be stuck in their eyes, not his own. Even the title spells out the message of the book quite clearly: *we're almost normal, we just want you to like us...* Fuck you Sullivan, I'm completely normal.





# MUFFMONSTERS Take MANHATTAN

(or at least borrow it for a little while...)



Note - gratuitous use of another Barbie pic  
I MUST BE HORSEWHIPPED TO RID ME OF  
THIS OBSESSION...

LOP LIES

Yellow taxis aren't as smelly as they look like they are on T.V.. The drivers are not necessarily unshaven street-talking sages, with a funny anecdote for every block of your journey. If my education on the U.S. had come from a history or geography book rather than from Hollywood, maybe my initial "jeezus, I'm REALLY in New York!" burst of exhilaration would have been provoked by something a little less mundane than the first sight of a cab for hire.

...over the Manhattan Bridge...THAT skyline... Christmas '96 and I find myself across the Atlantic; a cheapo flight via Amsterdam to be with my girlfriend for the holidays (not bad going for a girl who's never been farther than her own backyard and considers Dublin to be far too big...)

New York's never been a magnet for me - too many people and too little sky. I'm a strict 10 hours dozing a day kinda gal and my biological clock leaves me no desire to hang about in a city that never sleeps. But, shite, I mean it's the centre of the known universe, right?!

I studied the subway map for two days (so as not to look like a sad tourist on the trains), put on a warm woolly hat and ventured out onto the bitter cold streets of Manhattan...

Desperately failed art-hole hippie that I am, my first task was, predictably, to find my way to Greenwich Village. Although I know that for many years now the once thriving arts community has been priced out of the area, I reckoned it was still worth a look. I never made it on my first attempt. I got off at Union Square and exhausted myself walking round in circles. But getting lost in a buzzing metropolis has its rewards. I stumbled across a band of Peruvian musicians playing in the park and just sat in the watery sun for ages...listening - a bubble of beauty amidst the flurry of determined Christmas shoppers. Then back down into the subway, where the smell of piss was somewhat subdued by the freezing weather.

I unashamedly admit to having spent more time tracking down elusive SIMPSONS comics than I did coo-ing in the illustrious galleries of the Big Apple. The Museum of Modern Art is pretty funky though. Yeah, yeah...the art's great 'n all that (Kahlo, Rothko, the unexpected beauty of Van Gogh's "Starry Night") but it was the people there who were more interesting to study. Friends had told me that galleries have become really cruisy pick-up spots and there was plenty of evidence that they were right. Scattered amongst the tourists and college kids, the Soho types looked meaningful and at each other; painfully awaiting a glimmer of interest and the promise of the existential fuck. Oh, you know the sort...intimidate the hell out of us so much that we never bother walking into galleries in the first place? It's the same everywhere I suppose, but as with most things it's more in-er-face in New York.

Walking from the museum onto 5th Avenue, I got my official public welcome to the city of free speech. A pale woman stood outside the offices of Playboy magazine; as our eyes met she bellowed in a shrill voice, "You're just complying!!". She leaned against her home-made poster which showed graphic scenes of sexually abused women and again shouted, this time with a sneer, "YOU'RE BEING A VICTIM!!". I wanted to tell her that I wasn't but the deeply rooted anger in her voice told me she'd never believe that, so I proved her right and went to Tiffany's instead. Infinitely more vulgar than Truman Capote would have you believe, the affluent shoppers at Tiffany & Co. were loud in manner, intent on distinguishing themselves from the throng of snap-happy Holly Golightly wannabees. On the third floor, moneyed young couples sat to discuss their wedding present lists, while I searched in vain for a reasonably priced something to bring home for a friend. Ten or fifteen pounds for a bar of soap is hilarious. The rich must need special cleansing for special dirt.

More confident of my meandering in the second week of my visit, I finally made it to the Village and the fabled queer trappings of Christopher Street. There's a rainbow flag in every shop window, welcoming the pink dollar like a long lost friend. New age paraphernalia and "hey, I'm gay!" T-shirts weren't enough to tempt my pocket or good taste, so I opted for history over tack and headed for the Stonewall Inn. It's just a tiny little bar, nothing special to look at but being there made me feel...well...shivery. Chomping on a Baby Ruth bar (the only chocolate I could find that didn't taste like plastic vomit), I wondered what the clientele on that fateful night in '69 would make of the gay cafes and gyms and sex shops that now dominate the area...then I slipped on the icy road and fell on my ass with painful embarrassment. Two passing fags helped me up and saw that I was okay. I guess there's something symbolic in that, but I'm not sure what. Thankfully the Village isn't all expensive kitsch and bondage gear. If you're willing to wear out your boots a little, the side streets throw up the occasional gem. My favourite find was a little bookshop called something uncolourful like "The Non-Imperialist Bookstore" but with heaving shelves of ludicrously cheap reading material that's to die for. Some of the record shops are amazing too, if your feet can withstand hours of browsing.

Funky MATCHES

MAN-HATER???



ARE YOU A

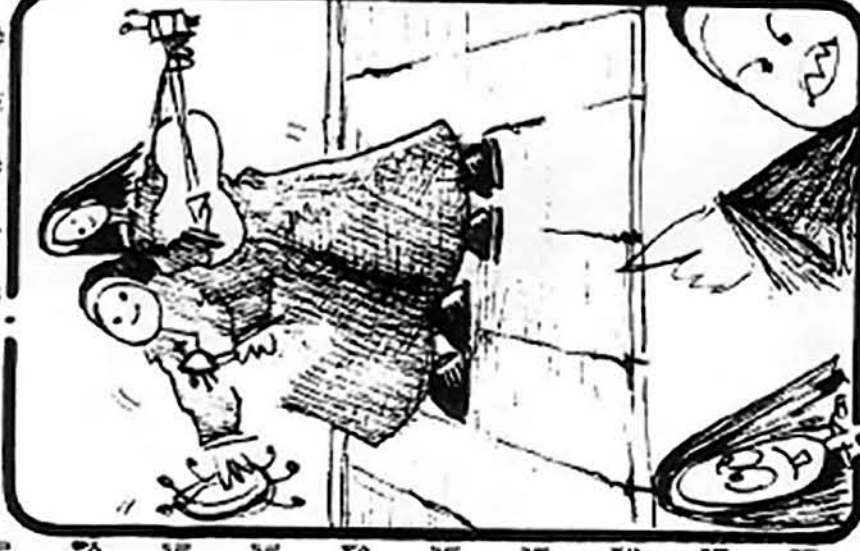
DYKE ACTION MACHINE!

DYKE ACTION MACHINE!  
Don't make us for just another bunch of man-hating dykes. We are The Public Art Mites of the Lesbian Nation. For the last 5 years we have been doing public art campaigns which spread lesbianism into a recognizably commercial context. To see more of our work, visit our web site at: <http://www.dykeactionmachine.com>  
Email us at: [dykeactionmachine@comcast.net](mailto:dykeactionmachine@comcast.net)  
Write us at: DAME PO Box 1588, Peterborough, SA, NY, NY 10002

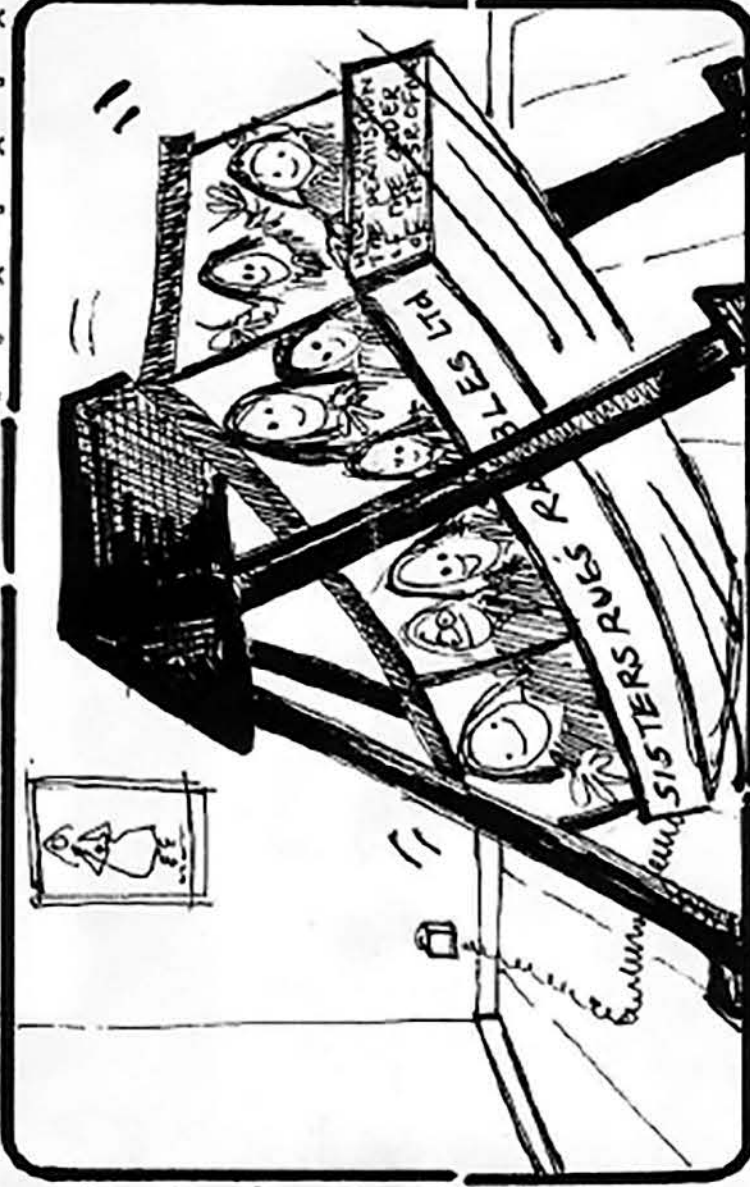




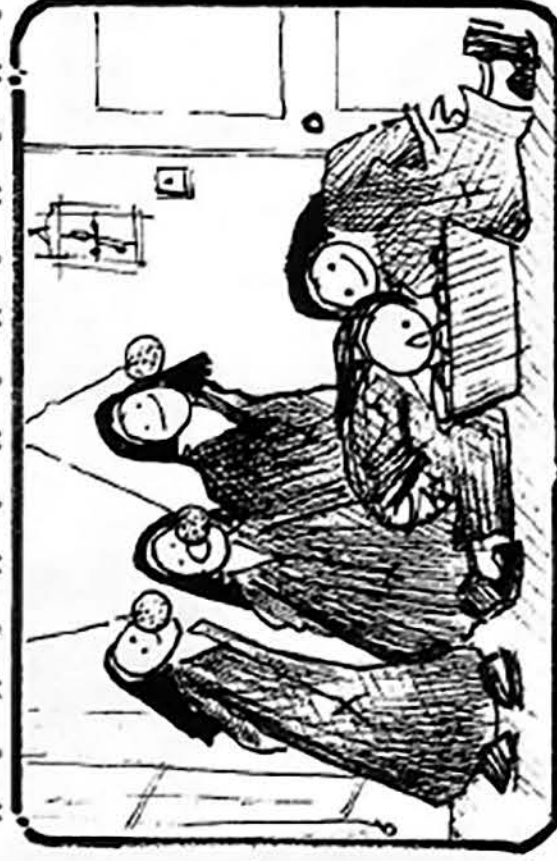
Sented separately from the others, Sister Rage glanced over the events guide and noticed with anger that her proposed act from last year had been cancelled. "That Mother Superior wouldn't know a good act if it jumped up and bit her on the ankle!" she fumed. "Oh, promise me you won't do that again this year, Rage!" pleaded Novice.



Novice Nun loved a good cabaret. She clapped along to every performance. Mind you, she was told to shut up after she clapped her way through Sister Cappuccino's moving recitation of "Jesus is the way, daddy-o" (a piece by lesser-known Beat poet, Father "Bongo" O'Reilly). Her favourite act of the night was an acoustic duo called "Nun of Thee Above", though Sister Rage disagreed and ranted that they were just pandering to the tastes of the majority.



After the cabaret, the room was cleared for fun and games. For many of the sisters, this was the most eagerly awaited part of the festivities. How happy they were to see that the Ramble Rue machine had returned for another year! They piled inside as the motor started and the contraption began to gently sway. As it gathered some momentum, the familiar and joyful tones of His Holiness the Pope piped through the speakers. They rocked through the WHOLE rousary, while a tape of "Ave Maria" (sung *beautifully* by the Somalia Orphan's Choir) played quietly in the background.



Novice couldn't wait to dunk for apples in holy-water, though she was particularly careful after that nasty drowning incident last year... "poor Sister Aquata..." "Ah, sure didn't she have a lovely death?" comforted Sr. Callous.



Sister Rage was agitated, so she had some more sherbet. "Damn, I want to play sooooo badly..." She jumped up and grabbed Sister Rue, interrupting the conga line in the process. "I WANT TO PLAY!" she started "ooh...oh...okay...but jussst one accesssue number!" said Sister Rue, shaking.





"Hey! Novice! Plug in that amp!...a-1-2-3..."

**BRING YOUR  
DAUGHTER  
TO THE SLAUGHTER**



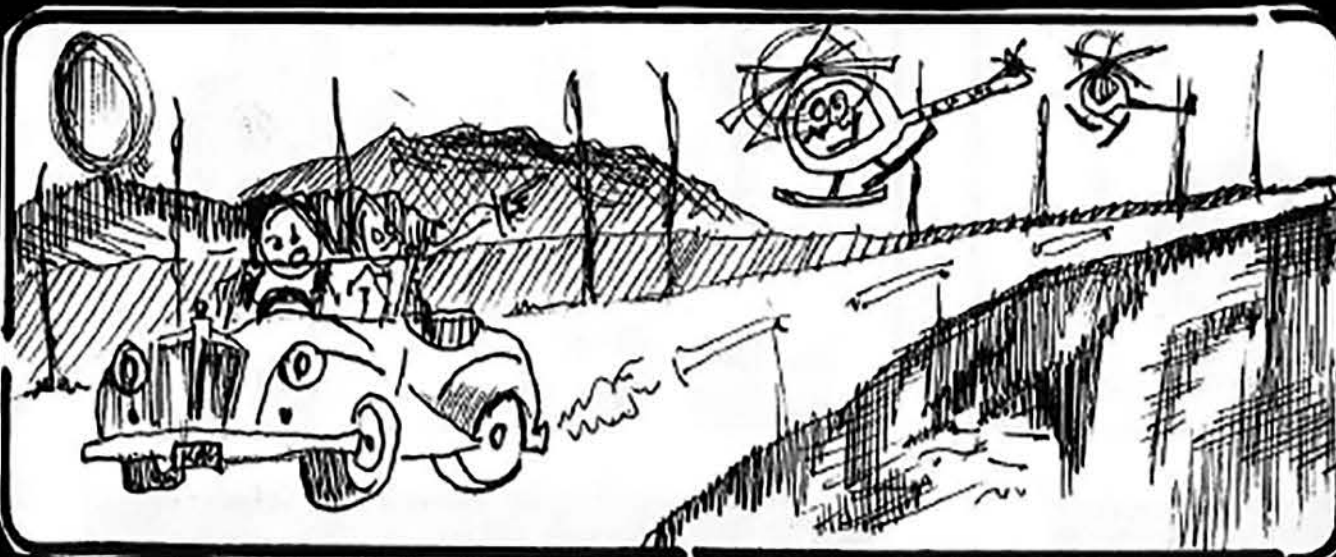
In the ensuing frenzy to locate and plug out the noise, a visiting nun (from a "progressive" English order) saw her opportunity to grab the attention of Novice, who she had taken an unholy shine to. One glimpse of her heaving breast was enough to make Novice pass out on the floor!



But Rage saw it all from the stage and swooped down to punch Sister Mammaries. The craziness of it all had got to her bad stomach and she puked all over the bishop as he tried to intervene.



"WELL! THAT'S JUST THE LAST STRAW!", shouted Mother Superior. "Away home now and calm yourself, Regina. Report to me tomorrow, for I declare this outburst to be worthy of at least 2 weeks penance on Ballyflagellation Island, with NO guitar and only mouldy bread to eat"



"Aye, right! I'm outta here!", hissed Rage adamantly as she picked up her fender strat and headed for the car. "But...but...Rage! We can't leave the bungalow...and the sisters!...what would we do?!" whined Novice. Starting up the engine, Sister Rage paused and looked at her young friend. "We're going on the road to preach rock n' roll and argue about celibacy..." She winked and pushed the pedal to the floor.



# YOUR APATHY BECOMES YOU.

Another cool fashion accessory to hang with your retro rage, to SWALLOW with your designer drugs. WHY READ THE SHIT IN THE PAPERS WHEN YOU CAN POP A DOVE AND FORGET IT ALL FOR AN INSTANT?

We're **POST-FEMINIST, POST-ORGASMIC, POST-MORTEM** and all is hunky-fucking-dory...

REGULAR JUNK-FOOD **SEX** ON WEEKENDS OFF FROM ENDLESS CONCESSIONS TO **HONESTY**. All ATTITUDE and FAKE-TAN to conceal the cracks of **DISAPPOINTMENT**. Just shrug of the daily assertions of your worthlessness, tuning into that frequency is **SUCH** a downer.

**WE'RE FREE, GAY & HAPPY!**  
**WE'RE FREE, GAY & HAPPY!**

... at least until the music stops.

SOMEBODY SOMEWHERE hi-jacked a dictionary and altered the definition of **FREEDOM** to "the ability to **FOOL** yourself that you are living without restraint". Well, we got what we fought for, eh? **YEARS OF RIOTING, CAMPAIGNING, PROTESTING, DYING...**

we have gay bars that make a fortune from us, yet prefer if we don't show affection to each other in case we scare off their straight lunch-time clientele... we have glossy gay magazines that imply there are no **BLACK or WORKING-CLASS** queers (except on crappy sex-lines)... and we have a pretty little **RAINBOW FLAG** coz we're all just one big happy family. Call me a **MISERABLE OLD MOANER** (and you wouldn't be wrong...) but who the hell do we think **WE'RE KIDDING?**



# STAGNATION

It's easy to wax lyrical about the vibrancy and creativity and positive sexual energy inherent in queer culture, but taking off the **PINK TINTED GLASSES** I see a slightly more **TAINTED** picture... For every pretty **CHANNEL 4** lipstick lesbian, there's a hopeless **ALCOHOLIC DYKE** propping up the bar down the road. For each homo-erotic Calvin Klein advert there's a **DESPERATE FAG** who can barely afford chainstore y-fronts. For every shiny gay-holiday brochure couple, there's some **FUCKED-UP QUEER** BEATING THE SHIT OUT OF THEIR PARTNER. WE HAVE PERFECTED THE ART OF AVOIDING THESE AND OTHER TRUTHS, content instead to project a public facade of community and progressiveness. If what we originally fought for was the **ACCEPTANCE** OF "OTHERNESS" AND **DIVERSITY**, then we have slid somewhat off course. It's like, we got half-way there then decided that the **SAME STAGNATION, IGNORANCE AND MEDIA-DICTATED CULTURE** prevalent in mainstream society would do us fine too, thank you. [pathetic jibes about bisexuals, fat people, those not born conventionally]

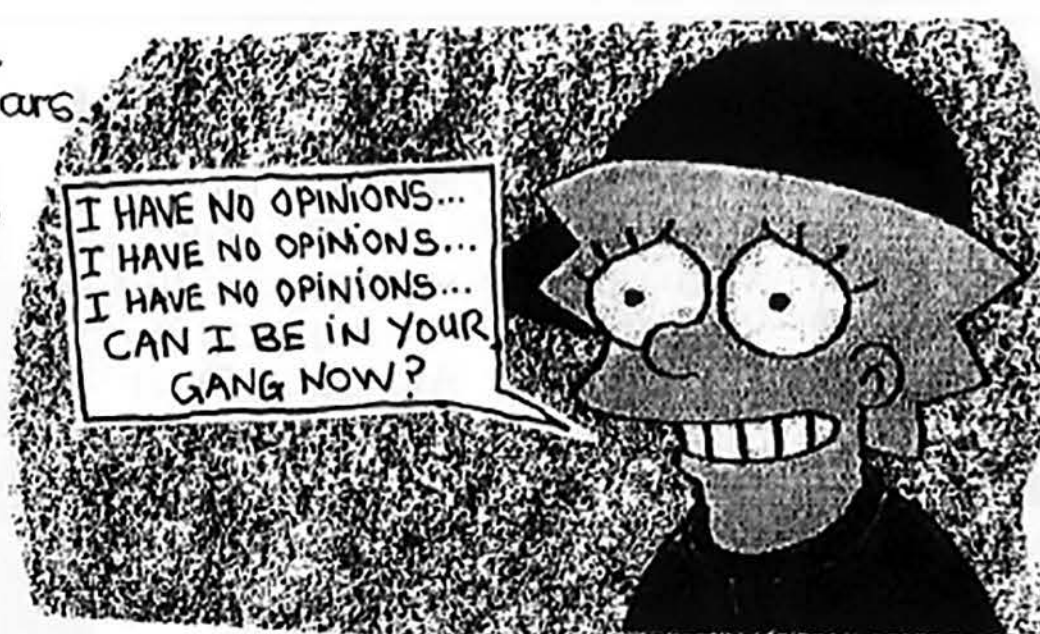




Having created a **GHETTO** of gay and lesbian **CONFORMITY**, we spend more time trying to **FIT-IN** to that scene or fight against its prejudices, than we do trying to fight for right to be ourselves legally and socially. In Northern Ireland we have **NO LAWS TO PROTECT US**

**AGAINST DISCRIMINATION.** We have **NO QUEER SOCIAL OUTLET** other than an alcohol and drug addled pub / club scene. We do not have an age of consent equal to that of heterosexuals. If the press alone in this province is anything to go by, then rampant **HOMOPHOBIA** is alive and real.

Yet **POLITICS** has never been so unfashionable ("admitting" to being a **FEMINIST** inspires a more horror-filled reaction in most people than if you said you were a serial killer...) We have instead bought into the cult of **SILENCE** and **SELF-LOATHING**—don't rock any dogs, let sleeping boats lie... (free clichés when you check your brain in at the door) How can we be surprised at the levels of **ADDICTION/DEPRESSION/ABUSE** in



our circles, when we must make hundreds of **COMPROMISES** each day just to belong?

day just is boring.  
**POLITICS** is about seeing some  
**TRUTH** behind the bullshit. It's  
about making **CHOICES** freely  
and not letting somebody else  
**DICTATE** your **OPTIONS**. It's about  
**BEING YOURSELF** and never  
stopping to apologise for that.  
IF THAT MAKES FOR GEEK-DOM,  
THEN, WELL... **TELL 'EM TO GO  
STICK THEIR ARMANI/GAULTIER  
/ECSTASY WHERE I KNOW THE  
SUN WILL NEVER SHINE...**



# PHILOSOPHY MADE SIMPLE



**Q. "Is it not better to fall into the hands of a murderer than into the  
dreams of a lustful woman?"**

(Frederick Nietzsche "Thus Spoke Zarathustra")

A. "No. **██████████**

**Now fuck off and take your misogynist, Nazi inspiring babbling with you, you silly silly man."**

(Ruthie Moonbubble "Muffmonsters On Prozac #2")



"HEY, RUTH! WHY D'YA PUT SOME WORDS IN BIG BOLD LETTERS?"

"Valerie Solanis came to me in a dream and told me it'd look good...."

LOSING A GRIP... ON REALITY... AND FINALLY... FINDING MY OWN.....





# NODDY Unsung heroes #2

Noddy may have been created by the one of the most horrendous women that side of Thatcher, but it was Enid Blyton's most enduring creation and definitely the pinnacle of her writing career.

For Noddy has been this amazing, surreal, funny and beautiful friend that I've had since a child. One of the most important things that adults should retain in their maturity, if they can (and lets face it, most cannot) is that lack of boredom, eternal curiosity with life and people and a sense of fun that most of us only have as children. If you can achieve that then you're a really really lucky person, and Noddy always allows me to do this, to let go of myself for an hour or so, as (hence this fanzine) I'm so preoccupied with being angry and sorting out my own troubles. He may be embarrassingly tame compared to cartoons we have on the box now, but his completely innocent and effortless sense of humour and surreality (NOT inadvertent by the BBC - FACT) is so refreshing that it leaves Ren & Stimpy, Reeves & Mortimer and all those other self-styled weird kids literally standing. I first discovered Noddy when I was six, after reading - wait for it - 'The Pilgrims Bloody Progress'; I was feeling so distraught that I began reading into everything like your typical affected art-hole. And Noddy's world was absolutely wonderful. filled with these really bizarre oddly-shaped people, animals with naughty tails and clumsy pets. My favourite story was when Noddy visited Noah's Ark and virtually got chatted-up by a particularly erudite zebra.



In the years since Noddy first appeared, he and his pal Big Ears seem to have been given some Politically Correct plastic surgery; Noddy having his 'ooh er missus' eyelashes trimmed and Big Ears having smaller ears as not to give equally attired young children pre-pubescent complexes. After that my fascination was cemented - hey, your first truly androgynous cartoon character! His strange child-man persona coupled with his platonic (ofcourse, we don't want to give the children the wrong idea) relationships with Tessie Bear and Big Ears were, for me and my humble ideologies at least, an absolute revelation. Morrissey crossed with the characters out of the Sugarcubes' 'Birthday'. I get the magazine every month and I never tire of it, and anyway it kicks any other magazine right up the arse. Now you know what to subscribe to - get ready my friend, your life is about to change.



# BITTING THE BULLET:

"I've never met a man yet that I couldn't kill"



## Lydia Lunch and the Politics of Confrontation



con'fron'tion\, n. (L confrontation) : to oppose, challenge; act of defiance, protestation, rebel.

As a multi-media confrontationalist, Lydia Lunch's ongoing battle against the cycles of abuse and apathy since 1979 have been a source of /obvious choice for inspiration for this zine. Utilising every medium available - first music, then spoken word/books, film and now the Internet (though she is still suspicious of this medium calling it a "second hand information highway - you don't get much life experience sitting on your ass in front of a computer screen") it is her desire to invade us, our thoughts and lifestyles, with her politics and philosophies.

I first discovered Lydia Lunch when sifting through a friend's record collection five or six years ago. The album was *13:13*, a frighteningly upfront punk album from 1981. Since then I've been totally besotted with Miss Lunch, her politics and her ideas.

Lydia's work is always unpalatable; a terrifying yowl of desolation, anger and raw sexuality that has been widely mimicked, but never equalled. Without her Courtney Love, Huggy Bear, Babes in Toyland and a plethora of other self-styled Riot Girls would probably have picked up pens instead of guitars. The 'beaten up baby doll' look was Lydia's own subversion of the tertiary female 'look' - lipstick, battered and gauche erotically charged clothes and that legendary scowl. Her punk origins with the notorious Teenage Jesus and the Jerks, her brilliant solo albums *13:13*, *The Queen of Siam*, *In Limbo* and *Honeymoon in Red* and her powerful spoken word pieces are best represented on the 3 CD set *Crimes Against Nature*.

The most recurrent theme in her work is that of cycles of abuse - abuse of power and sex. A survivor of sexual abuse by her father, Lydia's pain is often transmuted into something more embracing. Her album *Oral Fixation* stakes the perimeters of her anger, where she often becomes sidelined with various sub-plots on aspects of the human condition. Her musings, however harrowing or vitriolic, are a

source of power that she seems to harvest and then belt out with terrifying velocity. She believes that the main problem with society is sexual abuse: "It's all about getting fucked...over, about, around or just good old plain fucked". Her main targets are patriarchy and religion, and she believes the true route to ending human suffering is through the seizing of power by women. "Would there be a difference if even a tiny fraction of their power was to be given to the biologically superior, more sympathetic hands of women? Of course there would" she says in *Conspiracy of Women*. Of Lydia's contempt also extends to another group of what she calls Body Fascists: Feminists. She feels that "they're just another of Lydia's targets. An avid campaigner against censorship, she ran against two Republican senators in the state of Philadelphia in 1992, and was arrested along with Jello Biafra and Frank Zappa in 1993 whilst protesting. Lydia has been a nemesis of the old-school feminist movement for a long time. Though refusing to tag herself a post-feminist and openly verbally executing Camille Paglia and Courtney Love, her film *Fingered* provoked an outraged reaction that ended with her being physically attacked. "A group of so-called male and female feminists tried to destroy my film 'Fingered' but they got the wrong film ha ha. And I've also been bottled in the head...it didn't work, next time try a six pack"...

For me, Lydia's message has always been positive, even with her ideas of the pre-destination of humanity and her notorious maxim "Let the lost get lost". Through the riveting histories of her spoken word rants, we see a soul that really does give a shit. Her abusive tones are inspired by the widespread apathy that infests western society, and by the seeming willingness to be, in her own words "fucked over, around and about".

"Patriarchy is the main problem we've had with the world for the last few thousand years."

### RECOMMENDED LUNCH

*Hysterie* (compiling of tracks by Teenage Jesus and the Jerks, Beirut Slump, Fight-Flyed Spy and collaborations with Die Hart and Sort Sol ... 2 LP set - Widowspeak 1986)

*13:13* (CD) - Line Records 1981/1995

*The Queen of Siam* (CD) - Triple X Records 1980/1995

*Smilefist* (with Clint Kinnaman Lectures ... 12" / CD - Widowspeak/Atavistic 1990/1997)

### SPOKEN WORD:

*Crimes Against Nature* (compiling of *Oral Fixation*, *Conspiracy of Women*, half of *The Uncensored Lydia Lunch* plus six new pieces ... 3 CD set - Triple X Records 1991)

*Universal Infiltrators* (with music by David Knight ... CD - Atavistic Records 1996)

*Rude Hieroglyphs* (with Eugene Cervenka ... CD - Rykodisc 1996)

### BOOKS:

*Adulterers Anonymous* (with Eugene Cervenka - Grove Press 1980/1997)

*Intimidating Evidence* (Last Gasp Press 1995)

"There's got to be a happy medium between our completely spoiled apathy - live in my own world, watch my TV, but my CDs, play my computer game bullshit - and committing suicide. I don't know what generation is going to find it."

"I'm quite happy with my lack of popularity, I have no desire to cross over into the mainstream. I'm speaking to a very specific minority, those people that are completely disenfranchised, frustrated, on the verge of losing hope, feeling they can't take it anymore. Anyone with half a brain should be in this condition."





# THIS ISSUE'S TRENDY MUZIK PAGES ARE HOSTED BY THE BALLINASPITTLE ANARCHO-SYNDICALIST PUNK BROWNIES FREE MUSIC COLLECTIVE

FRESH FROM TOURING WITH THEIR LATEST SMASH-HIT SINGLE, "CUMBAYA, MY ARSE" AVAILABLE NOW ON MUMMIES LITTLE HELPER RECORDS

metabolism - mmm... that's it really...  
6 E BASTIAN - THE PIXIES

## 10 Reasons Why... We hate indie music

- As Lydia Lunch says: "It's all been DONE and DONE and DONE to death!"
- Even the bloody Spice Girls are more original and radical than Cast or Ocean Colour Scene. SCARY but TRUE!
- Lyrics like "maybe you're gonna be the one that saves me..." could have been written by Elton John or Brian May.
- 98% of "indie" labels are cosmetic disguises for major companies.
- Success of bands is, as ever, 90% marketing 10% artist input.
- The majority are rarely right (see 16 years of Tory Government... & Oasis)
- Anything that's different or daring or challenging still gets laughed at.
- Guitars are easy to play BADLY. Where's the passion?
- Those shite haircuts aped by every drunken twat in the country!
- It mirrors the appalling youth apathy in this country while giving an outward pretension of wildness and rebellion.

ON A POSITIVE NOTE, THE NEW TINDERSTICKS

... and a few reasons to love it — BELLE x

Not since my convent school Headnun loathing days has someone inspired such curdling of my blood. OH! even before she so shamelessly attempted to rip off Barbara Streisand (HOW DARE SHE!! \*!) at this years Oscars, I knew she was a bad 'un. The over rehearsed faux-passion. The cover versions of songs that should never have seen the light of day in the first place. Those cringeworthy videos. If she wasn't so dull I'd swear she was evil. And if she mentions that smug manager/musical pimp husband of hers with dewy eyes just one more time, I'll regurgitate everything I've eaten since I started on solids. What beats the holy shit out of me is why so many fags n' dykes are into her common brand of piss-watery ballads. Go listen to some Aretha Franklin or Nina Simone or ANYTHING!!!

**JUST STOP F\*\*KING ENCOURAGING HER!!!! STOP IT STOP IT STOP IT!!!! AAARRRGH!!!!!!!!!!!!**



Couldn't have said it better myself - Celine



Album is RENTALLY BLOODY GOOD. BUT THEN AGAIN I ALSO LIKE BANGS

MUFFMONSTERS/FAGBOYS present



## THE OFFICIAL SOUNDTRACK // 2

Hum along to the toons that make our musical membranes pirouette with joy!  
For absolutely ZERO pence this timeless collection can be yours...  
just look at the aural treats we're dishing up!!

- "Dear Whores" - LYDIA LUNCH
- "French Disko" - STEREO LAB
- "Telephone Man" - MARI WILSON
- "Dark Roads" - CHRYSTAL BELLE SCRODD
- "Bill & Ted's Homosexual Adventure" - PANSY DIVISION
- "Seasons in the Sun" - SPELL
- "Blau Bluht der Enzian" - HEINO
- "The New Pollution" - BECK
- "Were you there..?" - DIAMANDA GALAS
- "Yessir, I Can Boogie" - BACCARA
- "Manipulate" - TRIBE 8
- "Is That All There is?" - PJ HARVEY & John Parrish
- "La Vie Boheme" - RENT the musical

Just send us a 60min. blank tape plus 50p stamps/p.o. for postage and leave the rest to us lovely people!

ACCORDING TO THE WORLD HEALTH ORG. THE YEARLY COST OF PROVIDING EVERY PERSON ON EARTH WITH ACCESS TO PRIMARY EDUCATION, HEALTH CARE, FAMILY PLANNING, SAFE WATER AND ADEQUATE NUTRITION IS A MERE \$20 BILLION (ABOUT £13 BILLION) IF BLEEDING HEART ROCK-STAR MILLIONAIRES LIKE PHIL COLLINS, MICHAEL JACKSON, STING, U2, THE CRANBERRIES ETC. COULD PART WITH SOME OF THEIR EXCESSIVE EARNINGS INSTEAD OF WRITING TRITE SONGS ABOUT THE STATE OF THE WORLD, THE FUNDAMENTAL MATERIAL PROBLEMS OF EXISTENCE WOULD BE SOLVED BEFORE YOU COULD SAY "TAX EXILE". AND THERE MIGHT EVEN BE SOME CHANGE LEFT OVER TO PAY FOR A HITMAN TO BUMP THEM ALL OFF FOR CRIMES AGAINST GOOD TASTE...





BEFORE YOU GO SPENDING  
YOUR GOVERNMENT SPONSORED  
OR HARD EARNED CASH ON  
THE LATEST "COSMOPOLITAN"  
OR "ANGLER'S MONTHLY," CHECK  
OUT SOME OF THIS STUFF...

## DIRECT ACTION AGAINST APATHY

70p+ A5 s&c to DAAA, c/o Green Action, QUB SU,  
University Road, Belfast BT9.

**PHWOARRR! A sex mag!**

"Exploring Queer Identity, Gender and Raw Sex", **COMMON DENOMINATOR** is a glossy mix of fiction/photos/articles/interviews which focus on queer sex and sexuality. I haven't come across many mags like this before except for the occasionally wonderful (and sadly defunct) **QUIM**, which was also produced by this lot.

Your views on erotica/pornography/whatever you want to call it may well be different to mine, but in a society where heterosexual sex is all we see and hear about I think that it's crucial to have a platform to openly express the issues around and fun of queer physicality. Invisibility promotes ignorance and self-loathing. This pisses me off. Sex is an integral part of many of our lives and should be celebrated in its diversity...(Okay...OKAY!!..off the soap-box, back to the magazine...)

There are many things to like about COMMON DENOMINATOR - the original black & white pictures, the variety of body "types" celebrated...but it's the attitude I like the most. In her editorial Lulu Belliveau says "Watching the expressions of someone who's passionate about something, whether it's work, a new book or lover, gives me a longer lasting thrill than that pretty face," and that's an opinion that's not expressed much in other sex mags. I think she's right in that we've all got our own "things" we find sexy in people, it's a lot more than just tits and ass.

Alongside the nude shots, CD No. 2 offers us explorations of "femininity", frank interviews with queer artists and performers and some decent enough erotic stories. But I can't help feeling it's all a bit high brow and serious at times. Maybe a bit more fun wouldn't go amiss.

But I guess that's where YOU come in. They're only really getting this publication off the ground and want writers/artists/cartoonists to submit their own work. So get your creative and sexual juices flowing and make Common Denominator even more essential.

Available from COMMON DENOMINATOR, BM 2182, London WC1N 3XX, priced £5 (which IS a bit too much)

POOD TO  
FILL AN  
EMPTY  
SPACE

---

This is  
a—  
poem  
to  
fill an  
empty  
space—  
and  
cover  
up,  
my—  
layout  
errors.  
(Ruthie  
moon-  
bubble.

**BAMBOO GIRL** is definitely one of the best American queerzines I've come across to date, with a healthy 76 pages of opinions, reviews, interviews and much more.



**The NY queer scene is very different to that here. It's obviously bigger and also seems to be far more split into cliques and scenes determined by race and gender, which is very much reflected in this publication.**

its creator, Sabrina, is of

Philippine/mixed blood and deals a lot in the zone with the racism she and other non-white people have to put up with everyday. It's a real eye-opener - I mean, I didn't realise that cosmetic companies like Avon actually market skin whitening creams to help make people look more WHITE! Fuckin' hell!...

There's also stuff in here on self-defence, Filipino mythology, racial stereotyping and interviews with various band/club people. It IS all very U.S. centred, but a bloody good read and essential if you want to know what's cooking with queer culture across the pond.

Available from BAMBOO GIRL, PO BOX 507, NYC  
10159 - 0507, USA. price \$2

## QUEERZINE EXPLOSION

If you're interested in getting hold of something new and fun and challenging to read, look no further than the hundreds of independently produced queerzines available right now. In all corners of our odd little planet, creative and frustrated boys and girls are taking the initiative and putting together their own mad & passionate & funny & angry publications, promoting all things queer and wonderful. I don't think that most people are even aware of the great stuff that's out there, it's not like you can just pop into the corner shop and pick up these kind of zines(which is a pity). But if you want to find out what's available, I recommend you get a copy of **QUEERZINE EXPLOSION** - the definitive guide to independent queer related mags. Although it's U.S. based, it covers publications from all over the world, including Ireland and Britain. It's a goldmine of information for those who aren't au fait with this aspect of queer culture and a good update for those already into it. It doesn't really review various zines as such, it just lists what's available and gives a run down on the contents of each magazine so that you can make up your own mind what to buy. From the erotica of **LESSIE SMUT** and **HANDJOBS** to comic stuff like **PRIEFEND** **BEST FRIEND**, there's bound to be something that takes your fancy.

It takes a bit of effort to get hold of these zines - most don't have distributors and are mainly available by mail order. But go for it or you'll be missing out on the most vital queer reading matter around.

Send \$10.50 cash or 2 International Reply Coupons (get these at any post office) to - Larry-bob, Box 590488, San Francisco, CA 94159-0488. There is an internet version of QUEERZINE EXPLOSION at <http://www.io.com/~larrybob/qze14.html>

This self-proclaimed "journal of the mental environment" is perhaps the most subversive and downright entertaining publication you are likely to find on the newsagent shelf.

The idea behind **ADBUSTERS** is quite simple. Take that most subtle and potent weapon of mass brainwashing - **THE ADVERTISEMENT** - turn it on its head and hold a mirror up to the truth behind the ad campaigns. The result is a refreshingly witty, intelligent and effective series of "subvertisms" and "uncommercials", which home in on how we are bombarded with corporate propaganda every minute of every day. Whether it be cola or cigarettes, perfume of politicians, TV and billboard ads aim to sell us "perfection" and "happiness" in the guise of some consumer product or other. The message is clear - **BUY! BUY! BUY! YOU TOO CAN BE CONTENT!** And that message is nearly always founded on some disgusting lie, sure to make **££££££££££** for the big guys and miserable fools of the rest of us.

Advertising has an instantly recognisable language of its own - we are all familiar with the ad styles of Calvin Klein, Marlboro, Benetton etc., though we may seemingly not give them a second thought as we flip channels or turn the magazine page. ADBUSTERS ingeniously uses the familiarity of style to mess with our heads and hurl a completely different message at us. Check out the Smirnoff subvertism on the relationship between alcohol addiction and child abuse. Or the Calvin Klein uncommercials on eating disorders. It's shocking and powerful stuff that really drives home the message of consumerism.

What's most surprising is that this visual/literary spanner in the works is cleverly disguised as a "proper" magazine - full colour, very slick and not a photocopier blob in sight! It's the quarterly journal of The Media Foundation, a Canadian based group gleefully dedicated to making the powers that be have sleepless nights. They openly encourage direct questioning of corporate ethics and promote exposing the realities behind glossy myths, through fun billboard "altering", poster campaigns, airing their TV uncommercials and pushing the limits of free speech. I picked up their magazine in the US and I'm not sure of its availability in this part of the world, which is a bit of a bummer. But if you have internet access you can check out their brilliant website at <http://www.adbusters.org/adbusters>, where you'll find tonnes of info on how you can get involved in their campaigns. Other than that you can write for more information to them directly at The Media Foundation, 1243 West 7th Ave., Vancouver BC V6H 1B7, Canada. The mag costs \$5.95 (about £3.50) which seems a bit pricey, but I assure you that it's worth every penny. It's far more radical, takes lots more risks and is TONNES more fun than most fanzines I've seen to date.

# ADbusters





**OUTPUNK #6** (72 pages/\$2.00 Available from PO Box 170501, San Francisco CA 94117 U.S.A.)

A special edition collecting all of the fanzine's best pieces into one big issue, this is by far more entertaining and easier to approach than the often very stylistic and perplexing usual issue.

The running theme throughout is basically a celebration of gay-ness - or queerness - with articles running from laughable homophobia ('Fat Girl' by Devra Polack), lezzie rants ('Girl Fiend' and 'Rude Girl') and even a guide to cruising ('Hoe Down' !!). The most affecting pieces are the less punk-ish articles, in particular JD Alexander's 'As Yet Untitled' - a spine-chilling and true life account of homophobia in deepest Texas; even more fascinating is the tale of sexual awakening at nursery school by Marcos Ramirez.

Everything here is balanced out by the (unfortunate) inclusion of the obligatory Riot Grrrl stream-of-consciousness bullshit that says and means nothing whatsoever, and an unbelievably misguided poem on why we should like gangsta rap, and we are all racist so should therefore not slag them off. But generally this is an amazing collection that bridges that gap between reality and 'alternative lifestyle' dreamland, the only fanzine for whom the word 'punk' is not an insult.

## WOMENS NEWS

Now in its 13th year, Womens News has long been a voice for women in Northern Ireland. Never bowing to fashion or fad, it's one of the few magazines left that doesn't see feminism as a dirty word. With articles on politics, women's issues, the arts, dyke stuff etc. It's a reliable, if occasionally subdued read. Essential material for those wanting a REAL insight into the lives of women in the province.

90p + s&e to **WOMENS NEWS**, 30 Donegal St., BELFAST BT1. Also available in alternative shops around Ireland & UK. Subs. available also.

## The WEEDBUS

Intelligent, witty, passionate music zine from Belfast! This is a must-read for anyone with an interest in decent music and honest journalism. What I like most about this zine is that it's an excellent resource for discovering new artists, without all the overblown hype you find in most music mags. Along with hundreds of reviews, there's interviews with most cool bands that work in or pass through the province, plus news or forthcoming releases/gigs. The latest issue

**I AM A CLICHE #1** (32 pages/\$2.00

Available from Zoe, 2315 Green Street, Harrisburg, PA 17110 U.S.A.)

If Miss McCarthy had not discovered this in New York I would probably have never heard of it. This first issue of 'I Am A Cliche' is a brilliantly spartan, acerbically dictated and altogether enjoyable read. I'm also red with envy as Zoe got to interview Miss Lydia Lunch - a total honour for any fledgling 'zine. She also throws at us her opinionated and persuasive thoughts on religion, patriarchy and excels on one of the best articles/analyses on the Marquis de Sade and his philosophies about life, nature and sex. Similarly in her examination of anarchist/proto-feminist Emma Goldman. With heavy emphasis and obvious love for the New York underground art-scene (Lydia Lunch, though she'd hate me for saying that, the Cinema of Transgression, Patti Smith and so on) and its accompanying burgeoning influence today, this a zine I will be able to come back to again and again.

includes interviews with the likes of Prolapse, Gallon Drunk, Bawl, Swans, Skunk Anansie and many more.

£1 + s&e to **WEEDBUS**, PO Box 546, Belfast BT9 5QE. Also available in local independent record shops.

WE'D REALLY LIKE TO BE MENTIONING MORE LOCAL AND IRISH ZINES, SO IF YOU PUBLISH ONE YOURSELF OR KNOW OF ANY WE HAVEN'T MENTIONED, PLEASE DROP US A LINE! THERE'S ALWAYS ROOM FOR NEW QUEERZINES IN PARTICULAR; YOUR OPINIONS, YOUR IDEAS, YOUR STORIES ARE EVERY BIT AS VALID AS OURS OR ANYONE ELSE'S, SO WHY NOT GET SOMETHING OF YOUR OWN TOGETHER? EVEN IF ITS ONLY 4 PAGES PRINTED ON A CRAP PHOTOCOPIER, IT GIVES YOU A VOICE TO SHARE THOUGHTS AND EXPERIENCES WITH OTHERS. INFORMATION IS POWER AND NETWORKING WITH OTHERS PROMOTES STRENGTH. IF YOU FANCY GETTING SOMETHING STARTED BUT DON'T KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN, WE'LL BE HAPPY TO PASS ON ANY CONTACTS AND INFORMATION WE HAVE. JUST WRITE TO US AT THE USUAL ADDRESS AND TAKE IT FROM THERE. **GO FOR IT!**

## GeARHEAD NATION

I've seen quite a few issues of this small Dublin based free zine and have been pretty impressed by the consistent high quality of content (not to mention the fact that they manage to publish it monthly!) Don't expect gloss and funky design, just straightforward stuff about music, culture, personal politics and local issues (what more do you want?!) The zine is currently being prosecuted for "obscenity", i.e. using expletives or something silly like that, which is quite scary and appalling. If you disagree with this type of blow to freedom of speech, get in touch with the zine to see how you can help them out. And ask for a copy of the zine while you're at it.

FREE with s&e in Ireland. UK £3 for 6 issues. US \$5 for 6 issues to GN, 57 Stapolin Lawns, Baldoyle, Dublin 13. E-MAIL - [insinbad@iol.ie](mailto:insinbad@iol.ie)



SO...

...YOU THINK YOU CAN CHANGE THE WORLD?..

HA! HA! HA! HA!

ME TOO.

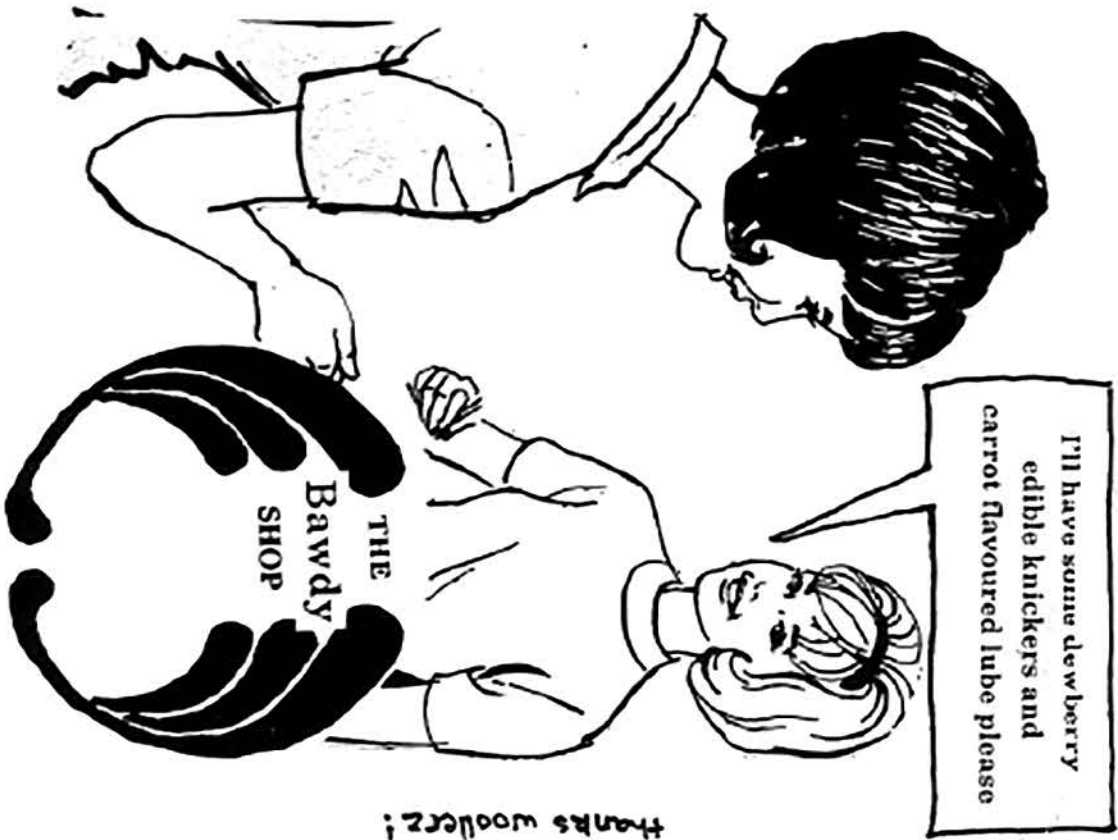


The bloke in the centre is typical image for a gay man, and although this photograph was in an advert for an S&M shop, you could almost mistake it for a cleverly understated microcosm of what gay society suffers and inflicts upon itself. I.e. control via popular media image manipulation and harassment.



What is actually missing from the picture, or rather, WHO are actually missing from the picture are leading Christian fundamentalists like the Unionist scum that have this province by the balls, Tory ministers and various pop-stars. But then, they probably dress like this in private anyway...

All were ordered to bow down and worship this idol... *or die!*



capsules

No. 310

**PROZAC**

Each capsule contains Fluoxetine Hydrochloride equivalent to

**20mg**

Fluoxetine INN

[POM]

**JOHNSON**

don't fuck with the faeries  
don't dick with the dykes



# THESE ARE A FEW OF OUR FAVOURITE THINGS....

*(oh...just let us indulge...it's nearly the end...awww go on!...please?..)*

## MS. MOONBUBBLE



**MUSIC:** PATTI SMITH - Horses / LEONARD COHEN - Death of a Ladies Man / THE DIVINE COMEDY - A Short Album About Love / LYDIA LUNCH - Conspiracy of Women / THE PIXIES - Surfer Rosa / SONIC YOUTH - Goo / TRICKY - Maxinquaye / BARRY MANILOW - Greatest Hits / COCTEAU TWINS - Twinlights e.p. / JOHN COLTRANE - Live from Birdland / THE SOUND OF MUSIC soundtrack / CARL ORFF - Carmina Burana / NINA SIMONE - Best of... / THE SMITHS - The Smiths / DORIS DAY - Best of... / P. J. HARVEY - Dry / TONY SCOTT - Music for Zen Meditation and other Pleasures / NICK CAVE - Let Love In / VARIOUS - The Best Disco Album in the World / ERNIE - Rubber Duckie / KRISTIN HERSH - Hips & Makers

**BOOKS:** AA MILNE - Winnie the Pooh / ALDOUS HUXLEY - Heaven & Hell / VIRGINIA WOOLF - A Room of One's Own / most stuff by SARAH SCHULMAN / EDWARD de BONO - Lateral Thinking / DEE BROWN - Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee / HOMOCULT - Queer With Class / JEANETTE WINTERSON - Oranges Are Not the Only Fruit & Sexing the Cherry / THE MARQUIS de SADE - Philosophy in the Boudoir / PAT CALIFA - Macho Sluts / GEORGE ORWELL - 1984 / ROALD DAHL - Mathilda / OSCAR WILDE - The Picture of Dorian Gray / JOSEPH CAMPBELL - Myths to Live By / TONI MORRISON - Beloved

**FILMS:** LIFE IS SWEET or anything else by the wonderful Mike Leigh. STAR WARS trilogy / BRIEF ENCOUNTER / The MUPPET MOVIE / BAGDAD CAFÉ / SLEEPER and other Woody Allen goodies / The SOUND OF MUSIC / SWEETIE / CALAMITY JANE / BAMBI / THE BELLES OF ST. TRINIANS / TORCH SONG TRILOGY

**WHO'S SEXY?:** KIM DEAL / KATE JACKSON / LISA SIMPSON / JANICE (Hot Lips) from The Muppet's Electric Mayhem Band / SUSAN SARANDON / TIM CURRY in Rocky Horror / DIANE WEIST / PATTI SMITH / FRANCES McDORMOND / people who don't TRY to be "sexy"

**WHAT ELSE?:** WILLIAM BLAKE / e e cummings / CARMEN MIRANDA / MATT GROENING / witches / Mars Bars / mary joanna / the sun early in the morning / peace and quiet

## TERENCE FAGBOY



**MUSIC:** THE SMITHS - Hatful of Hollow / DANIELLE DAX - Inky Bloaters / THE UNDERNEATH - Lunatic Dawn of the Dismantler / SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES - Peepshow / PJ HARVEY - 4-Track Demos / CAN - Tago Mago / CAPTAIN BEEFHEART - Doe at the Radar Station / COCTEAU TWINS - Blue Bell Knoll / KARL BLAKE - The Prehensile Tales / WAGON CHRIST - Throbbing Pouch / STEREO LAB - Emperor Tomato Ketchup / JULIAN COPE - Fried / SHEFFEL - Quique / NURSE WITH WOUND - The Sylvie & Babs Hi-Fi Companion / BEASTIE BOYS - Check Your Head / THROBBING GRISTLE - 20 Jazz Funk Greats / KATE BUSH - The Sensual World / THE CREATURES - Boomerang / CURRENT 93 - Swastikas for Noddy / MORRISSEY - Vauxhall & I / CRYSTAL BELLE SCRODD - Beastings

**BOOKS:** GERTRUDE STEIN - The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas / JOSEPH CONRAD - The Heart of Darkness / MARQUIS de SADE - 120 Days of Sodom / LYDIA LUNCH - Incriminating Evidence / SCOTT TUCKER - Fighting Words / JAMES JOYCE - Ulysses / IAIN BANKS - The Wasp Factory / COMTE de LAUTREAMONT - Les Chants De Maldoror / GEORGES BATAILLE - The Story of the Eye / STEVIE SMITH - Collected Poems / ENID BLYTON - various Noddy books / PRIMO LEVI - Other People's Trades / ROGER WAKELING - The Eight and a Half Wonder of the World / SYLVIA PLATH - The Bell Jar / e e cummings - Collected Poems and The Enormous Room / PHILIP LARKIN - The Less Deceived / JOEL PETER WITKIN - Germano Celal / TAKE a BREAK magazine / NODDY magazine

**FILMS:** Any HAMMER HORROR film with Christopher Lee and/or Peter Cushing / WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE? / APOCALYPSE NOW / TORCH SONG TRILOGY / THE DISCO YEARS / BARBARELLA / MYRA BRECKINRIDGE / BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS / STREET OF CROCODILES / THE COMPANY OF WOLVES / WINGS OF DESIRE / TETSUO - The Iron Man / BEAUTY and the BEAST / FAUST - animated version / GHOST STORY / CLASH of the TITANS

**WHO'S SEXY?:** CHRISTOPHER LEE / JEFF BUCKLEY / PETER CUSHING / DAVID ATTENBROUGH / PJ HARVEY / KARL BLAKE / e e cummings / ROBERT SEAN LEONARD / HENRY ROLLINS / TOMMY LEE JONES / ERIC HOLLIS / CAPTAIN BEEFHEART

**WHAT ELSE?:** CATS / CRUSHED VELVET / lots and lots of CHOCOLATE / TEA / POTATOES / getting my NECK AND EARS NIBBLED / BATHS instead of SHOWERS / MORE CHOCOLATE / RUTH'S RISOTTO

## APOLOGY

The editors recognise that this issue has had NO glossy fashion spreads, NO titillating interviews with closeted boy-bands, NO ads for expensive chat-lines and NO mention of k.d. lang.

We understand that this may have upset some of you.

We profusely apologise for possibly having made you think about something else for a change and would like to make up for it by printing something light and fluffy.

So, here's a picture of a kitten...

Model: Tigger  
Fur: model's own

Enjoyed this issue of Muffmonsters/Fagboys? Need another fix of rambling rubbish and self-indulgent boo-hoo?

We have a few copies (and I mean just a FEW) of Muffmonsters #1 still sitting under the bed and want to find good homes for them before they end up lining the cat-litter tray. Send us all your money (ach, a pound will do) and an A5 sized stamped addressed envelope and one of these coveted back issues can be yours. Terry fans take note that he doesn't appear in the first issue as he was recovering from his ego enlargement operation at the time. Also, if you are interested in getting any more copies of THIS issue (#2), send £1 + SAE to the usual address. Postage is essential coz I ended up spending tonnes of ill-afforded dole money on mailing issue #1 and we can't afford to do that again.

Overseas readers send IRCs (available from any Post Office) or \$2 + IRC for postage.

BYE TILL NEXT TIME!

As Bosco would say...

"Remember now...YOU'RE THE TOPS!"





THOUGH <sup>THIS</sup> WORLD'S  
ESSENTIALLY AN ABSURD  
PLACE TO BE LIVING IN  
IT DOESN'T CALL FOR BUBBLE  
WITHDRAWAL... IT'S SAID  
HUMAN EXISTENCE IS POINTLESS  
ACTS OF REBELLIOUS SOLIDARITY  
CAN BRING SENSE  
IN THIS WORLD  
LARGE RESISTANCE

stereolab - french disko